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## LITERATURE

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## Notes of the Week

THE suggestion recently brought forward by various professors and others at Cambridge, to the effect that no undergraduate shall be permitted to take a degree "until he has attained the standard of efficiency as a member of the Officers' Training Corps or of the Territorial Force," shows a praiseworthy desire to promote the interest of the nation in adequate defensive measures; but it is open, as all purely academic proposals must be, to objections which would become immediately obvious in practice. Upon a man's degree, in some professions, depends his career; to limit him almost punitively in this way might on occasion seriously prejudice his success in life. We make the tentative suggestion that, as a graduate, after the letters which indicate his qualifications, "E.N.S."—Efficient National Service—might stand; or that, in later life, his eligibility for another form of national service, viz., that of exercising the duties of a magistrate, might depend upon a man's service as a citizen-

soldier, as is already the rule with appointments to Deputy-Lieutenancies of counties. No one, as far as we have seen, is hostile to the ingenious proposal of the pundits; but, as Dr. Lupton, Chancellor of Leeds University, observes, "It will take a long time to convert the world to the view that a man is not to be educated unless he is a soldier."

We take little notice now of long-distance flights by aeroplane, but it is interesting to see how this means of travel, limited though it may be in scope, is occasionally coming into casual use. M. des Moulinais, in Paris at 9.15 a.m., suddenly remembers that he has never been to London. He mounts his trusty monoplane, and, in spite of fog and two intermediate descents, he is at Hendon in time for a two-o'clock lunch; he pops across, as it were, to shake hands and have a run round town. In future, however, these little aerial jaunts will be preceded by some formality; they will not be impromptu. The new rule, under the Aerial Navigation Act, is: "A person in charge of an aeroplane shall, before commencing a voyage to the United Kingdom, send notice to the Home Office by letter or telegram which must reach the Home Office at least eighteen hours before he enters the United Kingdom," and there is a long list of prohibited areas, within which foreign aviators must not descend. It was inevitable that some such laws should come into being sooner or later; on the whole, they seem to be framed sensibly. A year or two ago we were wild with enthusiasm because Blériot flew across the Channel; comparatively few years before that, a man with a red flag had to walk in front of every steam or motor driven vehicle on our roads! "The lazy foot of Time" is learning to run.

If, in your walks about town during the months of March and April, you occasionally meet certain persons of intellectual appearance with a look of profound melancholy on their faces even on the sunniest day, do not wonder. They are editors of papers which open their columns to verse, and they have just read—being conscientious fellows—twenty-five poems to Spring, nineteen of which deal with daffodils; to-morrow, and the next day, they will read twenty-five more; and not until May retires, softly calling Summer to come and play her part, will their faces cheer or their steps grow sprightly. Once, maybe, they wrote poems themselves; but never again. The daffodils may dance, the meadows may become crowded with daisies and buttercups, and they will admire, but will not express that admiration in terms of verse; they are content that Shakespeare and Wordsworth, Meredith and Browning, did it for them exquisitely. Yet Spring is inspiring, and we cannot blame the rhymesters for feeling the thrill in their blood—if only they would learn just a little more about the technicalities of their adopted art!

## National Revival

**A**N anonymous writer is responsible for what is practically a revival of the obsolete method of the political pamphlet.\* His theme deals with the spirit which should animate Conservative policy. The little volume is distinctly reminiscent of Burke. It is in other features ponderous, somewhat pompous, and needlessly and harmfully affected in style. Where an unusual and recondite expression is available, the ordinary language—understood by the man in the street—is studiously avoided. Despite this blemish, which even the greatest pamphleteers, writing for a bygone age, and addressing a select and limited public, were wont to employ, the brochure has distinct merit as a statement of faith. If the genius and pungency of Swift had inspired the pages, unattractive as the political pamphlet is in these days, the pronouncement would have secured wide-spread attention.

It is probable that the introductory remarks by Lord Willoughby de Broke will be read with more popular interest than the stilted and didactic priggishness which disfigures the really valuable observations of the author. The style is atrocious—vain repetitions of phrases which were not worth coining once and elaborated affectations of obvious and practically worthless commentaries abound; but, style apart, there is much sound sense and sound wisdom in the prescriptions for the cure of Tory degeneration in initiative and popular appeal.

The author's confession of faith, comprising Unity, Justice, and Freedom, is worthy of reproduction:—

1. I believe in equal and fraternal freedom, in the right to opportunity, and in social reform through the assisted development of character, capacity, and racial fitness.
2. I believe in self-reliance, in immediate individual responsibility, in progress through individual effort and the development of a national consciousness.
3. I believe in private property, in "the rights and duties" of property, in production and distribution by private enterprise, in the conciliatory co-operation of Capital and Labour, in equitably enlarging the worker's interest in his work and in the produce of his work.
4. I believe that the State is the instrument of social justice, that it exists to make social life and work equitable, that it should impartially safeguard every right, and make every right an effective right.
5. I believe in the equitable distribution of public problems.
6. I believe in the constitutional liberties of the nation, and in justly-balanced representation by two co-ordinate Representative Chambers.
7. I believe in loyalty to the Crown, and in patriotism based upon a healthy industrial system, and a helpful national life.
8. I believe that everyone should work gratuitously for the common good.

\* *National Revival. A Re-statement of Tory Principles.* With an Introduction by LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)

9. I believe in securing to the working-classes larger opportunity, a better economic position, a more hopeful participation in our national and imperial life.

10. I believe in developing the British industries, in safeguarding "the standard of life," and in firmly supporting British interests.

11. I believe in unaggressive armaments based upon a universal duty.

12. I believe that the British Empire exists to realise the social idea of freedom, and that the unity of the Empire should be developed through the development of common moral and material interests.

This terse and lucid confession is admirable, and it sums up the laboured arguments which the author sets out at length in his book. The policy delineated is clearly ideal, but it is not wanting in the elements of practical application. It may assume a community possessed of attributes rarely met with in this terrestrial orb, but at least it is a policy of optimism greatly to be desired in an era of discouragement.

The text of the dissertation is clearly words spoken by Lord Halsbury, and quoted with approval by the author:—

The object of a true statesman should be to bring not only great happiness to the people, but great thoughts and desires into their minds.

It is an inspiring and an ennobling message which can only be interpreted by a party free from trickery and corruption. There is at present only one party which is entitled to be thus described, and it is fitting that the Conservative Party should not shrink from shouldering a necessary burden.

Lord Willoughby de Broke in his introduction employs eloquent phrases:—

Never before in the whole history of England has it been more urgent to re-affirm national principles, and to direct men's minds from the expedient and the transient to the vital and the eternal. To re-arrange national thought, to re-kindle the national consciousness, to become the champion of all that has made England great, must be the task of any political party that seeks to be patriotic. And to be patriotic is to be successful.

A worthy and a beautiful sentiment, and one for which the success which its author confidently predicts, it is at least legitimate to hope.

The day has clearly dawned when politics must take an upward trend, or be condemned as a vehicle too base for the interpretation of the genius of a great nation. The same crisis has occurred in the history of all Empires which have been surfeited with greatness:—

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the State;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great.

Unless we have entirely misinterpreted the joint message of Lord Willoughby de Broke and the author of the "National Revival," they have set their hearts and bent their minds upon an epoch of noble aims and exalted endeavour which may prove to enclose the salvation of their country. CECIL COWPER.

## The Poems of Francis Thompson

THE tragedy of Francis Thompson's life peers from many an odd corner. Few men ever descended to such depths of spiritual misery: few rose therefrom to such supreme heights of spiritual grandeur. The soul of beauty that was in him drew draughts of loveliness from the very mire, a lotus in the world's slime. The thirst for that beauty which lies beyond mortal ken drew him onwards and upwards:—

Ever I knew me Beauty's eremite  
In antre of this lowly body set  
Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.

Such happiness as he knew was of that wistful fashioning born of sorrow, not of joy, yet he gave way to no luxury of grief. Consumed with desire for perfect beauty, he dreamed that it dwelt above the clouds, until an infinity of suffering drove him back to seek it in a lowlier sphere.

"I said of laughter, 'It is mad'; and of mirth, 'What doeth it?'" spake the Preacher, because he was wise; and of such kind was the wisdom of Francis Thompson. Out of the plenitude of sorrow came the fullness of wisdom, and through "the mist of tears" the poet saw "the high heaven dawn of more than mortal day." That "all is vanity" availed not to stem the flow of his solemn music. "Song's most true lover" sang because he must, not because he would. Perchance, as he himself suspects, the hearer of his song may read the meaning thereof more cunningly than its singer. "I have sung vanity and nothing well devised" is a confession which we may receive, yet not believe.

Ever and anon he strikes some chord curiously and irresistibly reminiscent of other great poets. The opening passage of "An Anthem of Earth" recalls both the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" and the lines on Tintern Abbey. Immediately following comes a passage Shakespearean to the core:—

. . . . that so thou wear'st,  
Even like a breather on a frosty morn,  
Thy proper suspiration. . . .

And a little later we find:—

And yet is he successive unto nothing  
But patrimony of a little mould,  
And entail of four planks.

The concluding passage, too, savours strongly of that other "most true lover" of song. Again, in this very poem, occurs a passage giving the impression that Browning's ink is still fresh upon it:—

Then go I, my foul-venting ignorance  
With scabby sapience plastered, aye forsooth!  
Clap my wise foot-rule to the walls o' the world,  
And vow: "A goodly house, but something ancient,  
And I can find no master."

In the preface to "Sister Songs" Thompson humbly

confesses an unwitting plagiarism from Coventry Patmore. Little need was there, for what he borrowed he made such a part of himself that no lender would have the heart to reclaim his property.

His creed forbade him to believe Shelley's despairing dictum, "The grave holds all things beautiful and good." True, in "From the Night of Forebeing," he tells us:

Happiness is the shadow of things past  
Which fools still take for that which is to be.

Yet in his *ultimum verbum*, "Envoy," breaks forth the happier strain which knows all earthly bliss for broken beams of a light still hidden from mortal eyes:—

Go, songs, and come not back from your far way;  
And if men ask you why ye smile and sorrow,  
Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know to-day,  
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know to-morrow.

The occasions on which he lapses from his own high standard are rare, but disconcerting. One of his most exasperating faults is giving the "eh" sound to the final syllable of Viola, Sylvia, rhyming them with "holiday," "May," and so forth. In the making of "Viola" he uses the "ah" sound as well, to the ruin of both:—

Whence your smiles we know, but ah!  
Whence your weeping Viola?  
Our first gift to you is a  
Gift of tears, my Viola.

Two of his favourite words, "ooze" and "blosmy," are objectionable, and a mannerism which makes one writhe unfortunately occurs not seldom—the repetition of lines, phrases, or words in such manner as this:—

Woven woof of flag lilies  
And curdled as of flag lilies. . .

Tarry ye now the coming of the moon  
For she is coming soon,  
Then died before the coming of the moon.

Few poets, however, turned out so small a percentage of really bad stuff. Perhaps one would hardly notice these smears on canvases less exquisite than those which hold such lines as:—

I sit and from the fragrance dream the flower. . .

Green spray showers lightly down the cascade  
of the larch. . . .

The Nereid tip-toe on the scud o' the surge,

or that delicious passage from "The Night of Forebeing":—

That all men's hearts, which do behold and see,  
Grow weak with their exceeding much desire,  
And turn to thee on fire,  
Enamoured with their utter wish of thee,  
Anadyomene! . . .

which recalls both in spirit and language the invocation of Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura," with its—

. . . ita capta lepore  
Te sequitur cupide quo quamque inducere pergis.

Like Homer, he knew how to make the most of jewel-words and phrases and wondrous images of speech: "I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist." An oxymoron has irresistible fascination for him:—

And in the contemplation of those eyes  
Passionless passion, wild tranquillities. . . .  
So frankly fickle and fickly true. . . .

And finest of all:—

Their trait'rous trueness and their loyal deceit.

Adjectives ending in "ous"—"flavorous," "rumorous," "fluctuous," "deliquious"—are very common; the longer and more cumbersome they are, the better they please him; but who ever dared to make poetry out of such uncouth monstrosities as "immeditatably," "uneuphrasied," "medicinesst"? Yet of such unpromising materials he makes effective use. He coins many a strange and beautiful compound—"gold-tesserate," "eyas-heart," "blanch-amiced." Many a metaphor is borrowed from the Roman Catholic ritual, so dear to him. Upon occasion he would descend to the humble artifice of alliteration:—

The beamy-textured tent transpicious,  
of webbed coerule wrought and woven calms.  
(Proem to "Sister Songs.")

There never was a poet who sang more sweetly or tenderly of little children than Francis Thompson. "Ex ore Infantum," beginning—

Little Jesus, wast thou shy  
Once, and just so small as I?

and the exquisite little poem entitled "Daisy," are both examples of subtle skill:—

The hills look over to the south  
And southward dreams the sea,  
And with the sea-breeze hand in hand  
Came innocence and she.

Elsewhere he speaks of "the heart of childhood so divine for me," and in "The Hound of Heaven" it is to the little children that he turns for guidance:—

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
In face of man or maid;  
But still within the little children's eyes  
Seems something, something that replies,  
They at least are for me, surely for me!  
I turned me to them very wistfully.

His last word upon the subject is: "Look for me in the nurseries of Heav'n" ("To my God-Child"). His masterpiece is, of course, the incomparable poem, "The Hound of Heaven." The splendour of its phraseology is rivalled by that of its imagery. For its proper appreciation long and earnest study is required, and there is urgent need of an annotated edition, for the wealth of

subtle allusions is so great as to be nigh overwhelming. Religious fervour, despair, and hope have never before been so strongly depicted, but the most striking feature of all is its marvellous air of immensity and profundity, of infinite sorrow and infinite beauty; "Titanic glooms of chasmed fears" alternate with splendid defiance and uttermost strong strife. The defiance of the warrior ends in the broken-hearted submission of the little child. The passage which begins, "My harness, piece by piece, thou hast hewn from me," is a splendid variant upon the theme of the 89th Psalm. But in the climax the power and glory of—

Across the margin of the world I fled  
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,

and all the pity and terror of that tremendous chase, die away into the true Aristotelian peaceful ending, whereby the souls of all hearers may be "purged."

Halts by me that footfall;  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?  
Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.

R. E. N.

## In the Learned World

SIR GASTON MASPERO'S report to the Académie des Inscriptions on the work of the Service des Antiquités in Egypt is very interesting reading. He says that the restoration of the Temple of Deir el Medineh is finished, as is the laying bare of the pronaos at Esné, while progress is being made with the work at Karnak and Edfu, neither of which probably will be completed for many a long day. But the most important part of his report deals with the alteration of the law relating to antiquities which, after ten years of increasing exertion on Sir Gaston's part, has just been effected. By a law which was promulgated in June last, it is now illegal to export antiquities from Egypt without a licence from the Service. Anyone finding such objects must notify the same department at once, and all finds of every kind belong to the State. No one may excavate or deal in antiquities without a licence, and the only concession to the finder is that he will be rewarded, if they be movable, by either half the objects found or half their money value. Unfortunately, this law at present only applies to natives of Egypt, or rather to subjects of the Khedive, the consent of every one of the eighteen Powers who have rights under the Capitulations being necessary before it can be extended to foreigners. Sir Gaston hints, however, that these difficulties will eventually be overcome, and that there will then be a fair chance of putting an end to "the fraud and destruction" now going on. It is a bad hearing for all archaeologists that Sir Gaston's own time as head of the Service will expire in the regular way in four years, and it will be a

grave misfortune to learning if the age limit is in his case enforced against his will.

No object, perhaps, is more familiar to tourists in Egypt and to Egyptologists alike than the long-nosed and long-eared animal which is at once the emblem of the god Set and the "word-sign" which denotes his name. As it appears on the monuments, it sometimes resembles a donkey, sometimes a greyhound, and has even been claimed as that rare beast, the okapi. From all this we may gather that in very early times it had disappeared from Egypt, and that the Egyptians, who could draw well enough animals which they saw every day, had early forgotten the appearance of the animal representing the brother and murderer of Osiris, and therefore trusted to hearsay with very variegated results. This has emboldened Mr. Percy Newberry, Professor of Egyptology at Liverpool University, to go to the earliest representation of the beast that he can find, which he decides to be that on one of the standards borne by the followers of the early king Narmer on a carved mace-head now in the Ashmolean Museum. The animal there figured he declares to be a life-like picture of the wart-hog of the Sudan, and a picture from life which he gives of this animal bears out his contention to a certain extent. The thick-set body, short legs, long snout, and tail so upright as to be in after times mistaken for an arrow, are all there in the living animal as on the standard, and the only marked difference is in the ears, which in the sculpture are long and square-ended, while the wart-hog has them small and neat, like those of most swine. Prof. Newberry's model may not be quite so old as he fancies, but it probably was carved under the First Dynasty, and the fact that, in the Second, King Perabsen bore as a kind of crest the representation of an animal, bearing the same meaning, but quite different in appearance, is significant as to its age. Anyone wishing to test Prof. Newberry's theory should read his article in the current number of *Klio*, where a likeness of the wart-hog and the emblem of Set figure side by side.

The story that we were taught in our youth about Xerxes ordering the Hellespont to be whipped and chained because a storm had destroyed his bridge of boats was always one of the most difficult to swallow. That the Master of the East should have behaved like a pettish child who beats the table against which he has thumped his head, must have affected any of us who thought about it as the alleged inconsolability of Calypso after the defection of Ulysses did Major Pendennis. It seems to have had the same effect on M. Salomon Reinach, who will have it that the "fettters" which Xerxes had thrown into the sea were really a double wedding-ring intended to celebrate his marriage with it in the same way as the ring dropped into the Adriatic by the Doges of Venice on their accession. M. Paul Perdrizet, however, in the current number of the *Revue des Etudes Anciennes* takes this ingenious theory to pieces, and suggests that the whole story is a sort of expansion of the poetical image in the speech of Darius' ghost in the *Persæ* of Æschylus, where the royal shade

recites how his son Xerxes "hoped to restrain the sacred Hellespont like a slave, binding it with hammered fetters to make a road for his huge army." This poetical way of describing the famous bridge of boats, says M. Perdrizet, would have been perfectly understood by Æschylus' hearers, inasmuch as the *Persæ* must have been acted about eight years after Xerxes' retreat, but was misunderstood by the next generation. After all, as he reminds us, it took less than fifty years for a whole crop of legends to grow up round the tragic figure of Joan of Arc.

Few of us yet realise the importance for the history of the Ancient East of the documents brought back from Chinese Turkestan by Sir Marc Stein and the French, German, and Russian expeditions to Turfan. M. A. Meillet has lately pointed out in the *Revue des Mois* that they give us for the first time the *lingua franca*, or common tongue of the Persian Empire of Darius and his successors as it was officially used under the Sassanian kings of the third century A.D., and thus formed the base of the literary Persian of the Middle Ages. So, too, they reveal to us a new dialect, the existence of which was not even suspected, in the shape of the Sogdian, which seems not only to have been commonly used in the neighbourhood of Samarcand and Ferghana, but to have been carried eastwards by traders into Mongolia and the heart of China. Apart, then, from the interest which philologists must feel in these finds, it may well be that a great slice of the history of the Far East, which we have always hitherto supposed was entirely cut off from the great stream of Græco-Roman culture, is about to be recovered for us. Was not Samarcand near the site of that Tower of the Winds, where the peace-loving Chinese traders used to come in the early Christian centuries to exchange their silks and perhaps their sugar for the products of the West?

F. L.

## The Problem of the Aspirate

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

IN most languages there exists some particular shibboleth, be it sound or phrase, which marks the difference in speech of the educated from the uneducated classes. There are, of course, very many distinctions between the standard English as spoken by the cultured and the uncultured classes, and it is even possible that the latter may utter words and sounds more correct from a historical point of view than those which fall from the mouths of their more highly cultivated neighbours. Still, custom or caste prejudice has ordained that one or two definite aberrations from the normal standard of language shall promptly and unmistakably brand the utterer of these as vulgar from the point of view of the speaker who uses what society is agreed to call "correct English." Of course, the crucial test in England proper is the proper pronunciation of the letter *h*: the speaker of the "upper classes" may drop his final *g*'s, as in "huntin'," and may commit solecisms of grammar, as, for instance, the use of "don't"

and "ain't"; nay, he may even say, "I have no idear of it," and still pass muster. But let him once talk of a "ackney-coach," and he excites suspicion; let him once speak of a "hemperor," and he is felt to be impossible.

Now, it is very interesting, from the point of view of the student of the English language, to endeavour to ascertain whether this peculiar test of vulgar as contrasted with refined diction is ancient or modern; and, if ancient, how far back does it date? Writers on the philology of the English language leave us much in the dark as to the time when the aspirate began to be "exasperated": the common view, however, seems to be that this peculiarity was first noticed in the literature of Charles Dickens and of Thackeray; that, as these authors mainly depict the ordinary London dialect, the misplacing of the *h* was probably a peculiarity of the Cockneys; and that from the Cockney dialect it had spread over a large part of England. It is, indeed, remarkable that the numerous writers who have introduced characters speaking their own dialects of low life have not laid stress upon this peculiarity, though it has not passed altogether unnoticed; e.g., Wycherley in his "Country Wife" makes Mrs. Pinch say, "Who has *h*angered thee?" Latham, in the full list of specimens of the different dialects spoken in England, as instanced by their folk-songs and by a portion of Scripture turned into the dialect of different districts, shows no trace of the misplacement of *h* in any of his citations, not even in the Middlesex speech, which he maintains to be identical with that spoken in Essex; and he notes the confusion between the sounds of *v* and *w*, which we know from the pages of Dickens to have been characteristic in his time of the Cockney dialect. Latham, however, expressly says that he is not familiar with the dialect of Worcestershire. Now, in Miss Burney's "Camilla" there is a very striking passage, which, if we accept the authority of the author, seems to be a *locus classicus* as to the district from whence the misuse of the letter *h* first started. She describes the acting of a company of strolling players, who, to the intense amusement of their audience, spoke each in his provincial dialect: "They all betrayed their birth and parentage the first line they uttered." Cassio proclaimed himself from Norfolk: "The Deuk dew greet yew, General!" Othello himself proved "a true Londoner," and with his famed soldier-like eloquence in the Senate-scene, thus began his celebrated defence:—

Most potent, grave, and reverend seignors,  
My wery noble and approved good masters.  
That I have ta'en away this old man's darter—  
I vill a round, unwarnished tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; vat drugs, vat charms,  
Vat conjuration, and vat mighty magic  
I von his darter vith. . . ."

Desdemona's father speaks in the Somerset dialect:—"I pray you hear 'ur zpeak"; but his daughter answered "in the Worcestershire pronunciation" as follows:—

Noble father,  
Hi do perceive 'ere a divided duty;

To you hi howe my life hand heducation;  
My life hand heducation both do teach me  
Ow'to respect you. You're the lord hof duty:  
Hi'm ither to your daughter, but 'eres my 'usband!"

Here, then, we have the misplacing of the *h* in full perfection, and we may learn from the amusing specimens of different county dialects given us by Miss Burney, that no one of these mispronounced *h*'s with the sublime care and perseverance of the Worcestershire speaker. It seems well worth the while to call the attention of English scholars to the passage, as it has not hitherto, to my knowledge, been cited in illustration of what has since become a peculiarity of a great part of England.

It would seem, then, that the misuse of the aspirate on a large scale must have spread over England in quite modern times, for "Camilla" was published in 1796, and if her testimony is to be believed, this misuse had not yet affected the Cockney. I believe that Wales, Scotland, and Ireland are free from the maltreatment of the aspirate. It may be of interest to note that in America and Canada the aspirate is only omitted by new arrivals from England. This seems to show that the bulk of the Colonists who founded America were free from the vice of dropping the *h*. In Australia and New Zealand, as far as my observation goes, the tendency is to approximate to the Cockney dialect of England, but it is also true that in those Colonies, under the influence of school teaching, the tendency towards the correct pronunciation of *h* is evident. Scotland, indeed, says correctly *hit* for it, according to the Anglo-Saxon usage. But as far as I have been able to gather, the dropping of initial aspirates seems common over most of England, and it is interesting to inquire why it has spread so fast and so widely. Skeat\* remarks that the habit of doing so occasionally was very old, "for in the Romance of Havelok (æ. Edward I) we find *is* for *his*, *ethen* for *hethen* (hence), and, conversely, *hende* for *ende* (end), and *herles* for *erles* (earls)." Skeat's explanation of this phenomenon is that the English *h* being strong, and the French *h* weak, the lower classes discovered that the letter was not much patronised by their French-speaking masters, and that they imitated these in their economy of the aspirate. He thinks, too, that this theory will explain the interchange of *v* and *w*: as words beginning with *v* were very common in French, and initial *w* was very common in English words. I fancy, from the fact that the dropping of the aspirate on a large scale seems in all probability to be a recent phenomenon, that the tendency spread from the counties in which it was indigenous with great ease, as it was found to be an economy of effort. Initial aspirate has almost died out in the Romance languages, and in modern Greek, and it seems probable that if its retention did not confer the hall-mark of correctness on our educated classes, it would follow the Romance and the Greek into the limbo of superfluous sounds. But the problem has yet to be solved.

\* "Principles of English Etymology." § 332.

## REVIEWS

## The Fighting Spirit of Japan

*The Fighting Spirit of Japan and other Studies.* By E. J. HARRISON. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. E. J. HARRISON has written a most original and vital book about Japan. The style is frankly journalistic, but, though we could have dispensed with certain slang expressions, the main theme is convincing, suggestive, and illuminating even to those who know something about *Bushido* and *jujutsu*, or *judo*. The Japanese are secretive by nature, and not given to impart information to others, but during Mr. Harrison's fourteen years' residence in Japan he has learnt and imparted something that was well worth knowing, and has added considerably to our knowledge of the Japanese character. Those who are still puzzled over Japan's victories by land and sea in the Russo-Japanese war will have no cause for surprise if they carefully peruse these pages. They will at once recognise that Japan's position as a great world-Power was inevitable, and that the result was due to a training so thorough and so complete as to compel success.

The Japanese have reduced physical culture to a fine art, and, what is still better, they have made it a national institution. We perform our exercises in the morning with the idea of keeping fit. We grip our dumb-bells or pull elastic cords with complacent approval, and watch our muscular development with infinite pleasure. The Japanese, however, in all the ramifications of *judo* have something more in view than simply keeping fit. They train with the idea of being of service to their country. A time may come when our physical culturists, who advertise so extensively, will realise the importance of a national system of exercise which would render the flabby merchant and the weedy clerk healthy and alert beings capable of assisting their country. We regard physical culture as something that has superseded medicine, something that is associated with the bath and confers various personal benefits. The Japanese regard their *dojo* (or school of *jujutsu*) as sacred, and quite as important as a Buddhist or Shinto temple. In short, *judo* has moral and ethical value, and it is a factor we shall have to cope with in the future. The Japanese are making men, men of immense vitality, while we are busy laying down ships for our Navy. We have taught Japan many lessons, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that our ally can teach us something, too. Mr. Harrison's book seems to us a direct answer in the affirmative.

One of Lafcadio Hearn's most celebrated essays deals with *jujutsu*, and Mr. Harrison's use of the words "picturesque" and "imaginative" seems to suggest that the chapter in question, though a masterpiece in style, does not show a practical knowledge of this particular art. Lafcadio Hearn was the last man in the world to go through a course of *judo*. Mr. Harrison, on the

other hand, has had the advantage of personal training, also the distinction of having attained *shodan* rank in this form of physical culture.

*Judo* is the means of producing marked skill and agility rather than great strength. The Japanese physique, judged from our point of view, is not good, and the sitting posture and the insufficiency of nourishing food have contributed to that defect. But appearances are deceptive, for, as Mr. Harrison is fond of pointing out, many an apparent weakling when stripped reveals "a miniature Hercules." What will happen when in the course of time the average Japanese man attains the physique of a *sumo-tori* (wrestler) without, let us hope, cultivating his distressing abdominal girth? But the Japanese, aware that their stature does not compare favourably with the stature of other civilised nations, have more than compensated for an hereditary defect by adopting the skill and agility of the very *tengu* themselves. The subtlety of the art is well illustrated in the origin of Yoshitoki's Yoshinryu system of *judo*: "He (Yoshitoki) chanced to notice one day in winter that the branches of a willow-tree in front of the temple did not retain the snow, even after a heavy fall, and that, thanks to the suppleness of its branches, which gave way under the falling snow, and thus threw it off as fast as it accumulated, the tree escaped the fate of seemingly sturdier growth whose branches were everywhere ruthlessly crushed and broken under the burden. This circumstance so impressed the onlooker that he gave to his sect the name of Yoshinryu—i.e., 'Willow-heart-school.'"

Mr. Harrison gives an interesting account of the Kodokwan in Tokyo, the largest and most famous *dojo* founded by Mr. Kano. His system of *judo* has been adopted by the Japanese Army and Navy, and has become the recognised form of physical culture in Japan. Mr. Harrison writes: "At about the time Mr. Kano succeeded in popularising his system the gravest physical and nervous deterioration had set in as the outcome of excessive zeal in the pursuit of Occidental knowledge. It is scarcely too much to say that the revival of the old *samurai* art in an improved form has been the salvation of the rising generation."

Ordeal by strangulation does not sound particularly attractive, but it is an ordeal which every teacher of the lowest grade of *judo* has to pass through. Mr. Harrison assures us "that being choked, by a competent hand, at least, is *per se* a bagatelle not worth making a fuss over," but at the end of the chapter devoted to this subject, he observes, "I am not hankering after additional experiences of a like nature." It is one thing to know how to choke an adversary into submission, quite another thing to be strangled simply to fall in line with what seems a foolish and dangerous custom. The bagatelle element would disappear and give place to a criminal aspect in the event of *kwappo*, or resuscitation, not being forthcoming.

Mr. Harrison, in dealing with the wrestler, informs us that that mountain of flesh moves his legs alternately

prior to a bout, and that this curious movement is "a survival of the steps which the eight hundred myriad members of the Japanese Pantheon practised before the cave of the Sun Goddess." The origin of this movement is probably connected with Ama-terasu before she hid herself in a cavern, when, fearing her wicked brother, Susa-no-o, she arrayed herself for deadly combat, brandished her bow, grasped her sword, and stamped on the ground till she had made a hole sufficiently large to serve as a fortification.

We do not deny for one moment that there is an important esoteric side to *judo*, but in dealing with this particular phase Mr. Harrison, though greatly in sympathy with the mystical development of physical culture, fails to give us a clear conception of what he is driving at. He explains quite lucidly the mysterious power known as *aiki*, the nature and significance of the extraordinary *kiai* shout, and also the importance given to the *tanden*, or lower abdomen, as the seat of courage, and the source of a strange mystical power. In dealing with the Zen cult, however, he is extremely vague, and essaying a subject which is not within his province of study. After writing about the Zen culture, he observes: "All of which, in the words of the 'Bab Ballads,' is pretty, but I don't know what it means." We could dispense with a chapter which the author himself does not understand, a chapter in which esoteric Buddhism is referred to as "Mahayama." If occasionally Mr. Harrison has got out of his depth, he has, nevertheless, given us a vast amount of information in regard to occult Japan. Seki's power of reading character and of foretelling the future is so extraordinary that the fashionable Bond Street clairvoyants may well envy him his superior wisdom. "The Fighting Spirit of Japan" is so good that if it were shorn of a little of its occultism and references to Japanese women and Japanese drama, Mr. Harrison would not only have the distinction of being the only Englishman to win the *shodan* rank, but he would also have the still rarer distinction of having written one of the most original and suggestive books about Japan we have read for many a day.

### An Anonymous Volume

*Fear, and Other Essays in Fiction and in Fact.* By the Author of "Times and Days," etc. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is probably a rarity for a reviewer to take a more than usually deep interest in a book because of an attractive title. And what is the proportion of disappointments on such occasions? The title of the present volume made a strong appeal, and raised inquiring thoughts. The word "Fear" suggested possibilities of work by a philosophical essayist: perchance we should be reminded of William James; or maybe Samuel Butler and unorthodox science would accompany us to a happy hunting-ground! The essayist, too, would surely approach to the ideals which Robert Louis Stevenson so beautifully pictured: "The first merit which attracts in the pages of a good writer . . . is the apt choice and

contrast of the words employed. The literary artist works in mosaic." But both hopes—whether of science or of writing—proved to be without foundation; instead, there was presented to us a series of chatty articles upon a variety of subjects, and the literary treatment was completely undistinguished and lacking in merit.

The opening article on "Fear" will suitably illustrate our meaning. An idea is taken by the author, and, before our eyes, is generalised to an alarming extent. Fear is made responsible for almost everything in nature: "Fear, rightly looked at, has done everything for us." It made the stag a speedy animal; it made some plants hairy; it provided the colour scheme for the plover and the trout; it causes the caterpillar to stand "as in a cataleptic fit"; and the tiger is "streaked like the yellow reeds, the flags, and their shadows" because of the fear of its victim. This assumes that evolution occurred in certain species only; did animals rusticate until they had changed their clothes? Why did not the author suggest that it is a case of Mahomet and the mountain? Which is the cause and which the effect? Perhaps the tiger lives in the reeds because of his appearance, and does not change his colour with his home. Fear has painted black the nettle-eating caterpillar to produce "terror in the birds which would fain feed on it, if they did not take it for the devil." (Here we have a suggestion of animal thought-reading.)

The writer is frequently guilty of a misuse of words. "Prophet" is confused with "charlatan"; we read that "you can occupy people if they are moving about"; men and women are described as "pendulums." These mistakes are sometimes due to an attempt at smartness, as where we read of "the smirk and work of the workaday world." Irrelevant parentheses often prove to be humorous—as that on militant women in the article on "Aloofness." Then, drifting into theological realms, we note: "I am off my feet, and have not the wings to fly." Familiar phrases are discovered on almost every page: these, too, sometimes lead the author astray: rather mixed is the expression, "the milk of human-kindness in his remote heart." The occasional anecdotes make for variety—Lady Mark, for instance, "when taking off her gloves, popped them into the teapot."

At the end of the book a collection of press notices is provided for our delectation. Many of them are taken from obscure papers; those culled from important journals are of questionable value—to the author. And the works noticed are all out of print! THE ACADEMY is quoted as recording: "He *really* has something to say which is worth saying." We close the book with the hope that the anonymous writer of this volume will take his own advice: "I am myself in favour of giving the printing press a rest. . . . Men were born to act and not to write."

But an answer is ready for us. Referring to "those testimonials of books which we call 'Reviews,'" the reader is asked not to be misled. "You ought to have known from the first that it was only a human being who was telling you what to admire and what not to admire." We are beaten.

## Science or Magic?

*Hypnotism and Disease.* By HUGH CRICHTON MILLER, M.A., M.D. With an Introduction by C. LLOYD TUCKEY, M.D. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

DR. MILLER has written an exposition, and largely a successful one, of the main features of psychotherapy, in a form suitable for the intelligent and interested layman. In a short foreword Dr. Tuckey says: "We contend that hypnotic suggestion offers an honest and scientific explanation of phenomena which used formerly to puzzle the investigator. . . . Many of the explanations given of so-called miraculous cures are thoroughly unsatisfactory and unscientific, but it does not help matters to deny their reality, or simply to ridicule the means adopted." Dr. Miller has avoided extreme partisanship, and his apologia will appeal equally to the broad-minded practitioner and to the unprejudiced patient. He is responsible for the introduction of collective hypnotism to England, and he tells us of the successful treatment which has resulted from its application. Very impressive is the treatment by the "combined method," in which sedative drugs are employed as an aid to hypnosis and as a preparation for suggestion. Sane methods such as these do not savour of the extremist or the crank. After all, as Dr. Tuckey remarks, "the first aim of the physician is to cure the patient," and the medical man who utilises all his powers—*nux vomica* or hypnotic suggestion—must triumph over the ordinary purveyor of physic.

Dr. Whewell is credited with the statement, which Dr. Miller attributes to Agassiz, that "every great discovery has to pass through three stages. First people say, 'It is absurd'; then they say, 'It is contrary to the Bible'; finally they say, 'We always knew that it was so.'" Dr. Miller thinks that the science of hypnotism is passing into the third phase, and, though we cannot share his enthusiasm to that extent, we feel that an exposition, such as his, will do much to establish an unimpassioned study of the subject, and to found an interest in a rational psychotherapy. His book is a plea which cannot be neglected. Here we have nothing of the bluster and make-believe and deception of the charlatan, nor the doubtful and wonderful cures of the extremist, but the plain and unvarnished record of cases which we can understand and which are apparently adequately explained. The mind of the man who sees phantoms of evil in hypnotic suggestion will be set at ease when he reads that the patient cannot be persuaded to perform acts contrary to his convictions and disposition. All these points are carefully treated by the author, and the illustrative examples throughout the volume will prove of interest to the believer and unbeliever alike. Our only quarrel with him is that both in his discussion of the psychological aspects and of the methods there is a disorder and lack of scientific statement and arrangement which will prove exceedingly troublesome to the amateur reader. He quotes at length many authorities; perhaps if he had outlined their opinions in a general *resumé* the result would have been more satisfactory. But this is a small blemish in a very interesting and

entertaining volume. We trust that the book will do much to dispel the views of the public that the hypnotic treatment will weaken the will, discover the secrets of the heart, and establish a personal power over the patient. It is a splendid introduction for the uninitiated.

## Eastbourne as it Was

*Old Eastbourne: Its Church, its Clergy, its People.* By the Rev. WALTER BUDGEN, M.A. Illustrated. (Frederick Sherlock. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN No. 2025 of THE ACADEMY (February 25, 1911), we reviewed Mr. G. F. Chambers's bright, chatty, and interesting volume of "East Borne Memories," and here is another attractive book on the old Sussex town which is so closely associated with the memories of our boyhood. Mr. Budgen's work differs considerably from Mr. Chambers's. It deals less with comparatively modern times, and is more of an archæological and antiquarian character, in such wise that it completes the pictures of old Eastbourne, previously supplied by Mr. Chambers and his forerunners, Mr. J. C. Wright, Mr. R. J. Graham, and Mr. R. Cooper. Mr. Budgen has plainly taken infinite pains in the preparation of his volume. He acknowledges in his preface the help he has derived from a number of gentlemen, but we must give him full credit for a very great amount of personal research, and for the admirable manner in which he has sifted and co-ordinated his many materials. Mr. Budgen was Curate of Eastbourne from 1900 to 1910, and this book makes it evident that he fell quite in love with the town and its interesting memories and associations, and that the fine old parish church—largely Transitional Norman work, dating from about 1160 to 1190—became particularly dear to him. He has not, however, interested himself merely in the architecture of this notable house of worship. Everything connected with it has appealed to him, its property and endowments, its clergy, its wardens, clerks, sextons, bells, and bell-ringers. He writes also about Eastbourne's other ecclesiastical establishments, the chapel of St. Gregory, the community of Knights Hospitallers, the various Guilds and Brotherhoods, as well as about the local registers, charities, fairs, manors, tithings, notable houses and families, such as the Burtons, Wilsons, Comptons, Cavendishes, Gildredges, Gilberts, and Willards; and all these details enable us to picture the conditions of life in an old English rural parish both before and after the Reformation.

In the latter period we see how certain offenders were at times summoned before the Archdeacon's Court at Lewes. For instance, one man is "presented" for playing at cards in service time, others for ploughing on Easter Monday and St. Mark's Day; and others for keeping their shops open before Morning Prayer; whilst in 1606 we find one Robert Bartholomew, "mine host" of the ancient Lamb Inn, called before the ecclesiastical tribunal, because the vicar had seen "great flocks of people go into the house of the said Bartholomew to Tiple on the Sabbath dayes." The church authorities were no respecters of persons. In 1604 even the squire's

wife was "presented" as a recusant, and ultimately excommunicated. Most of the Eastbourne presentments, says Mr. Budgen, were, however, for incontinence, or suspicion of it, while a good many others were for drunkenness. A certain John Boycott appears to have been an incorrigible drunkard, for both the justices and the ecclesiastical court repeatedly had to deal with him. Another man, James Payne, who had "greatly offended the people, being a manifest and vile drunkard, almost every day giving himself to that beastly life," appeared and acknowledged his guilt, and afterwards performed the usual penance, which was for the offender to come forth from his seat in church immediately after the reading of the gospel, and, with a loud voice, say and confess as follows:—

Good neighbours, I acknowledge and confess that I have offended Almighty God, and by my evil example you all, for that I have been a manifest and vile drunkard, for which I am most heartily sorry; and I ask God and you most heartily forgiveness for the same, promising by God's help never to offend hereafter in the like again.

Thus did the Church watch over the morals of the people, and put to shame those who gave cause for scandal.

In dealing with modern times, Mr. Budgen naturally has a good deal to say about that able and energetic clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Pitman, who was Vicar of Eastbourne from 1828 to 1890, and to whose teachings we listened every Sunday for some five years whilst we were among the boarders at "The Gables" school. Mr. Budgen supplements the particulars given in earlier works about our first "alma mater." We could tell him, however, several "bad boys" stories respecting the school in the early 'sixties; for we remember an audacious and disgraceful raid on the vicar's orchard, the cruel persecution of an inoffensive French master, whom we once stuck to his chair with cobbler's wax, several fights—sanguinary ones, from the nasal point of view—which we had with town boys in "Love Lane" on Sunday evenings in the summer, and many other things of which we made light in those distant days, though now, without waiting for "presentment," we freely confess that they were extremely reprehensible, and that we repeatedly gave our respected "head," the worthy James Anthony Bown, an infinity of trouble.

Let us add that Mr. Budgen's valuable contribution to ecclesiology and the history of old English parish life, is provided with an excellent index and frequent cross-references, and that it is both copiously and admirably illustrated.

### In the Days of the "Ça Ira!"

*Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution.* By ERNEST F. HENDERSON. Ph.D., L.H.D. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16s. net.)

"CA IRA," was Benjamin Franklin's constant reply when asked, while in France, his opinion as to the prospects of the American War of Independence; and it became the *motif* of a famous French Revolutionary Song, "Ça ira!

les aristocrates à la lanterne!" by Ladre, in 1790. "Homage to Franklin!" exclaimed the Mayor of Auteuil at a civic fête held in 1792; "he gave us our first lessons in liberty; he was the first journalist of the hamlets; he wrote the proverbs of Poor Richard; he even invented the refrain 'Ça Ira,' an air so dear to patriots!" Franklin expressed himself in a similar spirit with regard to the Montgolfiers' balloon—"It is an infant," said he, "but it will grow." Whereby he proved himself a true prophet. And so, in another sense, did Mirabeau, when he said of Robespierre: "That young man believes what he says; he will go far." And, indeed, the "Sea-green Incorruptible" went to the same guillotine to which he had sent so many others. We wonder if he then appreciated Dr. Guillotin's words, at which he had laughed so heartily a few years before: "With my machine I chop off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you don't even notice it."

It is practically with the death of Robespierre that Mr. Henderson concludes this pictorial record of the French Revolution. The volume opens with the summoning of the States-General in 1789, and by means of nearly two hundred reproductions of contemporary broadsides, allegories, caricatures, cartoons, and satirical sketches arranged chronologically, accompanied by an explanatory narrative, the author carries the reader through all the phases of that wonderful revolution which shook Europe to its foundations. Most of these prints were undoubtedly issued as a means of political propaganda, with the direct and avowed intention of influencing public opinion. They are documents of real historical importance, for they appealed even to the illiterate; and it must be remembered that probably three-fourths of the population of France at that period could neither read nor write. And so cartoons became a strong weapon in the hands of those who had control of the public and other funds, and there is reason to believe that huge sums were spent in producing them. The *procès-verbal* of the Convention records the statement that such productions "are one of the most efficacious means of instructing the hamlets and speaking to the eyes of the ignorant and unfortunate inhabitants"; while the accounts of the Committee of Public Safety contain an item of three thousand francs paid to an artist for two caricatures, one of which represents a turkey pulling King George by the nose.

All the principal events of those stirring times receive recognition in one form or another; there are portraits of the leading personages, and naturally the famous *sans-culottes* figure largely. The decree of "The Country is in danger" inspired one of the best artistic productions of the whole Revolutionary period. It is entitled "Devotion to Country," and there is a life and movement to it that must have thrilled men to the heart at a moment of such danger and excitement. Two illustrations show the pulling down of the statues of Louis XIV in the Place Vendôme and the Place des Victoires, just as a later Commune treated the Vendôme column in 1871. An early picture of the guillotine about 1792 bears the legend, "Ah, what a fine prop for Liberty!"

Yet even Robespierre, as late as May, 1791, had denounced capital punishment as "a cowardly abuse of the infinite power of all against one," and as "a solemn form of assassination." It is strange to meet in this collection with a charming print by Bartolozzi, representing "Love and Reason embracing." As Mr. Henderson says: "One is astonished to find so well known an artist as Bartolozzi lending his aid to the propaganda, though he doubtless was well rewarded for it."

The Commune of 1792 was as drastic in its methods as Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in the present day, who have no hesitation in coercing the House of Commons by the application of another form of the guillotine. The Commune insisted on the formation of a separate Revolutionary Tribunal, and when the National Assembly sought to modify the plan, it was simply told that by midnight the measure must be passed, or else the tocsin would be sounded and the citizens called to arms. And so the measure was passed, just as revolutionary Bills are passed by the faithful Commons of our day. There was also a Woman's Rights agitation during the Revolution, throughout which the fair sex played a very great part. But their influence had been particularly baneful, and, when things began to calm down the National Convention wisely decreed that women might no longer be present at any political assembly, and, furthermore, that they should be liable to arrest if they assembled in the streets to the number of more than five. The authorities knew how to deal with militant suffragettes in those days. Mr. Henderson has produced a most interesting and handsome volume, which will entertain the general reader, and prove useful to the student of the period. It would have been an improvement if he had given the date of the year more frequently in the course of his narrative, and the name of the famous executioner of Revolution days was Sanson, not Samson, as printed; while the words attributed to Abbé Edgeworth at the King's execution were not uttered by him, according to his own statement.

### Glass Painting

*A History of English Glass-Painting, with Some Remarks upon the Swiss Glass Miniatures of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By MAURICE DRAKE. Illustrated by thirty-six Plates from Drawings by WILFRED DRAKE. (T. Werner Laurie. £2 2s. net.)

MR. DRAKE'S introduction to the art and craft of collecting fine stained glass—English or foreign—has this initial advantage that it ranks among the most sumptuous of printed and illustrated books of the year. As a mere piece of typography it might stand as an example of what a printed book ought to be; its illustrations harmonise adequately with the text, and really illustrate it, though we object to the printing of the legends on separate sheets of guard paper, and the general form and design of the book accentuate its individuality. The book has, too, this great advantage, that its author is an artist and craftsman—skilled in the work of which he writes—one who has already made a name for himself not only in his craft, but in the wider circle of those interested in ecclesiastical art.

The book may roughly be divided in three parts—an historical study of glass-painting from its introduction into England, tracing the growth of the Gothic school, its culmination in the early years of the fourteenth century, its decline when Renaissance ideals came into fashion, and its growing decadence through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries till the whole ideal of good work was destroyed in the public mind. At the same time the author rightly insists on the continuity of craftsmanship—that the secret of glass-painting properly so-called was never entirely lost, but that one and another was always to be found capable of doing good work in a craftsmanlike way.

The author does justice to the Pugin revival of glass-work in the "twenties" of the nineteenth century, and to the merits of Winston, "to whom modern English glass owes its very existence." It is curious, however, that Mr. Drake does not so much as mention the windows of Messrs. Morris and Co., which are among the most notable works of art of their century.

The second half of the book has a unity of a different kind. The chapter on heraldry is excellent in matter and form, but the most novel and personal in the book is undoubtedly that on Swiss Glass, in which the author has had the assistance of Mr. Alfred Werck, one of our foremost London glass painters. We cannot personally share Mr. Drake's enthusiasm for it; it seems to be contrary to all the canons of stained-glass work, but we join with him in appreciation of the marvellous craftsmanship and sense of beauty it displays, mistaken as we think its ideals. This section alone should make the fortune of the book. But there is more to come in the two chapters specially addressed to the collector on the signs of antiquity—for the forgery of old glass is not uncommon—and the methods of testing his finds.

There are two extreme ideals of stained glass. The earlier, and, in our opinion, the better, is that in which the window is a transparent mosaic of pure-coloured glass, the outlines of the figures being formed by the lead frames in which the mosaic is set. The later and (as everybody now concedes) the wrong ideal is that of a sheet of glass on which a painting is made, and then burnt into its surface. All modern windows are compromises between these ideals, and the nearer they approach to the first the more brilliant and durable they are. The leading must sometimes break into the outline of the figure, but it must never be allowed to break up as it does in some of Mr. Drake's examples, even of ancient work. It is perhaps a little consoling to us who live in the midst of so much bad work to find that there never was a time, even in the golden days of the Middle Ages, when all the work was good, and to reflect on the quite respectable amount of very good work indeed which our age will leave to its successors.

The appendices of the volume remain to be noted; they make up a goodly book themselves: A bibliography of Stained Glass; a special section on Swiss Glass; a list of Swiss Artists in glass of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, with their master-marks when known; a short and valuable note on the shape of the leads used

in windows of various ages; and, most important of all, a list of churches in which stained-glass of various periods from the twelfth century onwards can be seen, arranged by centuries and countries. There is also a very good index.

We thank Mr. Drake for his excellent contribution to the knowledge and love of what is good in the craft he adorns.

## Shorter Reviews

*Histoire de l'Antiquité. Tome Premier: Introduction à l'Etude des Sociétés Anciennes. (Evolution des Groupements Humains.)* By EDUARD MEYER. Translated into French by MAXIME DAVID. (Geuthner, Paris. 7fr. 50c.)

HERR MEYER'S great work will doubtless be translated some day into English; that is why we will not discuss it at any great length. Translation into French is, no doubt, an important stage in the path of a German work, unless it be a work destined solely for the specialist, towards popularity or recognition in England. M. David has made an efficient translation, and has probably doubled the company of English readers of Herr Meyer.

The first volume of the original work is now more than a quarter of a century old, and Greece, Assyria, and Egypt, to name but three regions of the ancient world, have been yielding ever since a constant crop of the most valuable evidence for the solution of archaeological and sociological problems. M. Meyer's edition of 1907 contains a number of important modifications, and the third edition, now in course of appearing, has a few complementary notes.

This first volume is devoted chiefly to the exposition of general truths, and in some aspects may be compared with such books as Fustel de Coulanges' "Cité Antique" and Maine's "Ancient Law." Many of the old facts are modified, and many are seen in a new light. Herr Meyer has a horror for the old generalisations, and he shows ancient marriage customs as embodying a diversity that defies classification. He has no sympathy for *a priori* theories, and may be said to represent the final reaction against the reaction in favour of Rousseau. Thus he lays down that there can have been no Social Contract, since the State is older than the individual, and that property and the inequality of wealth are as old as the human race. "The poor," he seems to echo, "are always with you." Meyer is most positive when he is following the well-worn trail of ancient religion, and here, at least, he is not wholly averse from drawing universal conclusions. The chapters on historical method are illuminating, and reveal a refreshing contempt for the Dryasdusts of history.

*The Balkan War Drama.* By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT. (Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE "fog of war" has never descended more thickly or more impenetrably upon a campaign than in the

Balkan War. Apart from the information that one or other of the armies engaged was victorious or suffered a reverse at such and such a place and time, the current newspaper accounts have been valueless as a basis for any sound appreciation of the actual strategy and tactics of the war. And, although in this small volume the author has been able to present a slightly more consecutive account than was feasible in the case of daily despatches, one must not expect to find in his pages anything of first-rate importance concerning the actual fighting which has taken place. But regarded in the light of a commentary upon the backwash, so to speak, of stirring events, the book has much that is not merely of interest, but of importance. The author rightly lays stress upon the supreme value of peace preparations, and draws attention more than once to the criminal apathy of this country in matters touching the military efficiency thereof: "The value of a national organisation, so that the whole of the manhood of the nation can take its share rapidly in armed conflict, is, perhaps, for Englishmen, the outstanding lesson of the war." More than once, too, we are shown the predominant importance of *morale*, and all which that word connotes, over other factors in estimating the fighting value of any body of troops. The political elements in the drama are presented in a clear light, and we are very properly warned against such common errors as that of lending too ready credence to charges prompted by racial animosity. The author further exposes many of the blunders committed by diplomats and by the Powers in failing to appreciate the real significance of the events which led up to the war—for example, their misapprehension of the power of the Macedonian committees. But the chief value of this volume seems to lie in the prophecy that the present war is but the curtain-raiser, so to speak, of a truly great European drama.

*Achievements of Chemical Science.* By JAMES C. PHILIP. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

VERY few of the general public realise the important part that chemistry plays in our daily life. How many ladies in search of a cook, for instance, realise that a kitchen is but a laboratory for organic chemistry, and that a cook ignorant of chemistry can be nothing but an empirical blunderer at her art. Again, how many of those who soothe themselves with a post-prandial cigar know that the nicotine and formaldehyde that they are thus liberating must inevitably interfere with those chemical actions upon which our well-being and lives depend. The chemical discoveries that gave us metals, at the same time laid the foundation of our civilisation. If the metals were suddenly withdrawn from us our civilisation would collapse, and we should be even more helpless than our neolithic ancestors. In the useful little book before us, Mr. Philip has given, in language that any reader may understand, a description of the chief discoveries in chemical science, together with an explanation of the practical bearing of each invention. Most of the information given is concise and accurate; but a few exceptions must be noted. The fight between

natural and artificial camphor terminated some time ago in favour of the former. There would be wailing and gnashing of teeth among shareholders in rubber companies if the material they produce would only fetch from £10 to £15 a hundredweight; so low a price has not been touched for years. The description of the manufacture of artificial silk is inaccurate; none of it consists of gun-cotton. An index would have added materially to the value of a technical work of this kind.

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*The Genealogical Monthly.* (Published at 34, Forest Drive, E. 7s. 6d. per annum.)

WE are glad to have the opportunity of welcoming the first number of this monthly issue, as we feel sure it will be found to afford far more justification for its existence than the average of new publications. Genealogy has become, like Chinese paintings and old glass, an intellectual hobby in our generation, and a magazine which will do all that is possible to facilitate communication between those interested in research on this engrossing subject, is sure of wide support. We note the subscription is mentioned at 7s. 6d. (\$2) per annum. The price in the American form is highly symptomatic. It is the people of the States who love their ancestors, especially, it seems, if they be English. To such inquirers into the past the magazine will prove very attractive. Already, in the first number, the notes on certain families inspire great interest. The whole thing promises to be admirably carried forward. Of course, the passage of the man in search of his fathers through the ages is beset with pitfall and with gin. A friend of ours spent many years of his life compiling a prodigiously interesting tree of his not very famous but highly respectable family. After much toil and pleasure, he published his handsome results, but only to have the fact clearly demonstrated by some destructive critic that his hitherto blameless tree died in the early days of Charles I., and that the rest of the family was illegitimate in origin. Such misfortunes come upon the most careful of amateurs, but with the skilful aid of "The Genealogical Monthly," mistakes will be avoided, and one will learn in time just when to start one's family and what to publish.

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## Fiction

*The Man Who Would Not be King.* By SIDNEY DARK. (John Lane. 6s.)

MR. DARK explains in a prefatory note that he has written this book as an expression of his revolt against Webbism—we may therefore call him an anti-Webbist. "The Webbist," he explains, "is dissatisfied with man as God has made him, and is eager to create a man in his own image. . . . Every day the gulf between the minority which rules and talks, and poses and writes, and the majority that blunders and lives be-

comes greater and greater. That is the curse of to-day and the menace of to-morrow." This is his text, and in the story we get a sermon, which arouses interest, sympathy, and is almost sufficient to make converts.

The hero has for thirty years of his life been independent of the machinery of the world; that is to say, he has been able to live idly and easily. Then he is suddenly flung into control of a big business, with, for its appendages, a garden city run with machine-like precision, and a number of employees who live perfectly methodical and orderly lives, and to the hero's way of thinking are engaged in a process of soul destruction. For one year he attempts to waken them to think a little less of work and a little more of life, and the attempt, of course, is a failure—for the man himself is a failure; he is not one of those who do things, but a born dreamer. Yet, we are glad to find at the end that his failure is not disaster, but that he simply reverts to his former state, and takes some added happiness with him.

It is a dangerous doctrine, of course, but, at the same time, it is a fascinating doctrine, and there is in it a certain amount of reason; for utilitarianism, which is synonymous with Webbism, is ugly, and in reality just as futile as the life of the dreamer. Social reform and what Mr. Dark styles "the creation of man in his own image" is being preached at us to such an extent that the world is in danger of becoming as stiff, and formal, and uninteresting as a big mid-Victorian boarding school. In spite of its shortcomings, we accord a hearty welcome to this attempt at revolt in the direction of the things that really matter.

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*The Stranger in the House.* By ANTHONY DYLLINGTON. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

THERE is one small point in this story against which we must raise a qualified protest, and that is the transmitted mental deficiency of Loring Brayden; for fiction should be based on fact to a certain extent, and we have no evidence to prove that mental defect is absolutely hereditary, as the author suggests.

The story itself deals with a rather well-worn theme: that of the occupation of a body by a soul other than that to which the body originally belonged—the book recalls Hichens' "Flames," for here we have a similar problem worked out, though in this case the body is that of a woman and not of a man. In spite of the fact that the problem thus set is an old one, the manner of the telling renders it well worth careful perusal, for Mr. Dyllington writes with care and restraint, and invests simple incidents with an atmosphere which makes his work distinctive. Another point worthy of note is that it is seldom so "risky" a scene as is involved in the course of this story is outlined with such delicacy—the story remains absolutely innocuous, and retains its freshness and charm.

The incidents of which the book is made up are melodramatic enough, in all conscience, but the way in which they are related saves them from the melodrama-level.

It appears from this and from his preceding book that Mr. Dyllington's *métier* is the story with a mystic significance, but his presentment of character is sufficiently forceful to give rise to a hope that he may yet abandon this line, and give us the opportunity of seeing what he can do in a book depending on psychology alone for its effect.

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*A Love Story.* By ARTHUR APPLIN. (E. V. White and Co. 6s.)

IT is really astonishing upon what a frail pretext an author rushes into print and produces a novel. It would almost seem that the printer's boy must be at his elbow, waiting for sheets, and the poor writer, having no ideas at the time, is forced to string sentences together for no other reason than to prevent the printing machine from stopping. In "*A Love Story*" there is no leading up to incidents, no delineation of character, and, considering the age in which we live, an improbable plot. We are told that a certain couple fall in love with one another, but we cannot feel in the least that this is so; our emotions remain perfectly calm from start to finish. We do not know whether the writer is an admirer of Mr. Fergus Hume. The story is written somewhat on the lines of this novelist's later romances; but it quite lacks the atmosphere of excitement with which Mr. Hume's books are generally surrounded. It seems so unfair that a hastily thrown together book like this should be issued at the same price and present a similar appearance to a carefully thought out novel, as, for instance, "*The Reef*," "*Topham's Folly*," or several others we could mention.

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*The Contrast, and Other Stories.* By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

IT is not difficult to trace the same brain at work in the fashioning of the figures which go to make up the stories in this book. In "*The Point of View*"—the longest one—we have contrasted a slow, narrow-minded and conceited English lover, with a masterful, handsome, and fascinating Russian. To accentuate the inferiority of the former, Miss Glyn has allowed her pen so much freedom that a very poor specimen of our countrymen is the result. The Russian, on the other hand, might have stepped straight out of any fairy story, so magical are the results he achieves in the short time of three days. We think the title of the first sketch ought to have been given to this one; it is much more appropriate. In two of the stories the author comes very near to getting the short, crisp finish which adds so much to writing of this kind. Imagination is shown in "*Her Advice*" and "*The Irtonwood Ghost*," and, judging from the present collection, there is a danger that this quality, if not held in restraint, may develop too much and give a farcical aspect to ordinary occurrences.

## Music

WE are happier than De Quincey. His "dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures" impressed unimaginable horrors upon him, while we go to see "*Le Dieu Bleu*" at Covent Garden, and are none the worse, but very much the better. All the wonder and the weirdness of Asiatic fairyland, that land which seems so real, so possible, so new to the land that is actually there, are shown us with a wealth and variety of colour and movement that fascinate us from the moment the curtain rises upon the "court of a temple hewn out of the rock," till the Blue God has vanished in the heavens. We are, for the time, partakers of the fantastic, splendid, grim life of magical Hindostan, companions of the lovely girl and the youth who is turned from the priesthood's chains by her passionate love and prayers at the very moment of ordination. All our sympathies are with the lovers; we are impatient with the priests whose compassion is not moved by the dances of the nymph, now ecstatic, now sorrowful. When she is bound fast and left alone in the awful solitude of the Temple Court, threatened with a horrible martyrdom, we long to be her champion and defy the cruel hierarchy. And here is the comfort and satisfaction of such a story as "*Le Dieu Bleu*." We know beforehand, that a champion is at hand, that love and loveliness are to triumph, not to be trampled on. This is no relentless story like "*Thamar*" or "*Cleopatra*," or "*Scheherazade*." The cup of horror is indeed to be filled to its marge, but no one is going to drink it. The monsters who crawl and jump about the maiden are so fiercely horrible, as they try to push her into their den, that it seems she cannot escape their fangs. But, no! She prays to the Lotus Lily (which ought to have risen, a stately blossom, out of the marble tank, but was certainly not visible to our eye). The monsters look uneasy, and a beautiful Goddess emerges from the water. Scarcely has she taken her seat, when a blue arm uprises by her side. Slowly the God appears. "He is entirely blue, with lips and nails of silver." He can, of course, do anything. He can not only tame the monsters but the priests also, and at his bidding, these Sarastros unite the lovers.

Now these scenes give the artists of the ballet opportunity to show us much that we have not seen before. M. Nijinsky whirls himself round in a magical manner, like the Princess Carnthis, Vathek's awful mother. Then, again, he is as gentle as that other charmer of beasts and trees, and, at his dancing, the sinuous branches of a wondrous climbing plant unwind themselves, and tie their coils round the monsters, as the boa-constrictor tied himself round the Swiss Family Robinson's ass. Each new part he plays shows the extraordinary versatility of M. Nijinsky more clearly. He never repeats himself, nor contrives to make movements which were designed to illustrate incidents in one ballet do duty in another. Mme. Karsavina, too, has a whole set of dances unlike any she has given us

before, and in those where she braves the anger of the priests, there is much of that intensity, that concentration of purpose which are so remarkable in her "Thamar." "Le Dieu Bleu," further, allows us to take special note of the talents of Mlle. Nelidova, the Goddess; Mlle. Wasilewska, a Dancing Girl; and M. Max Froman, who plays the Lover. MM. Fokine and Bakst produce glorious effects in their combination of colour, and the music of M. Reynaldo Hahn, though not very exciting, supplies a pleasant stream of sound. It does not illustrate, as the music of the Russian composers illustrated, action on the stage. M. Hahn, in his earlier songs, described with a gentle refinement of touch, both mood and picture. But his fancy is not strong enough to paint the passion, the fear, the ecstasy, or the horror of the rich Indian scenes of "Le Dieu Bleu." Nevertheless, the ballet is such a feast for the eye, that it was well worth producing, in spite of the want of strongly characteristic music.

At Queen's Hall, Sir Henry Wood's revival of the "Sinfonia Domestica" of Strauss, brought a very large audience. The policy which has induced the directors of Symphony Concerts to neglect it for some years, has probably been a very wise one. All of us remember what a flood of silly, sometimes angry criticism, was let loose when the work was first heard here. Perhaps no composition could be named which gave rise to so much foolish talking. But frequent hearings of Strauss have so effectually familiarised the musical public with his peculiarities that the "Sinfonia Domestica," as we hear it to-day, is powerless to arouse controversy, or excite the inept remarks of would-be wits. No one cares a straw now about the supposed programme. We may read what meaning we like into the music, or regard it as music without a story as its base. Nor are we baffled by its intricacy or its dissonance. Our ears are too well attuned to the methods of modern harmony. So the "Sinfonia Domestica" is no more than a rather long succession of beautiful, melodious, animating movements, amazingly orchestrated; a piece which has lost its terrors and put on the robe of attractiveness. We ought to say that Sir Henry Wood's performance of the work was singularly good. Except under the beat of the composer himself, we have listened to no rendering so clear and strong. At this concert Signor Rujoni was magnificent in Liszt's splendidly alive Concerto in A major, which was very welcome, and in his own orchestral arrangement of an equally fine specimen of Liszt's genius, the "Rhapsodie Espagnole." Rujoni has scored the work very brilliantly, and in a style that is quite in keeping with the original pianoforte piece. Listening to these two works, so rhythmic, so tuneful, so strong in their capture of ornament to be used as a means to emphasise points of structure, and not as an end in itself, we were conscious of more than ordinary impatience with the school which decries Liszt's work as "inartistic," and would have us admire only what it presumes to label "classic." At that moment we shared the similar feelings of Edward Fitzgerald when he cried: "I will worship Walter Scott, though Carlyle

sent me an ugly autotype of John Knox and wanted me to worship that instead!"

British music has been well kept in view. At Mr. Balfour Gardiner's Concert, first performances of Mr. Grainger's "Hill Song" for wind and percussion, and his "Colonial Song," for soprano, tenor (singing without words), harp, and orchestra were given. The first of these is a fine, "breezy" composition, much strong feeling underlying its vigorous rhythms. The second had a haunting melody, plaintive yet brave, as if it were the note of some exile. It is well worked out, but we are not sure that a "cut" might not, with advantage be made in it. Mr. van Holst's setting of Whitman's "Mystic Trumpeter" is a bold attempt, not crowned with absolute success. Mr. Delius's "Lebentanz," a new version, is a strong and attractive composition; and some songs by Mme. Poldowski (Lady Dean Paul), beautifully sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes, were as original and vivacious as that clever lady's songs always are. Mr. Holbrooke has again brought forward his clever and musicianly String Quartet Op. 17, and his fourth Sextet, which gains much on a second hearing. The songs presented at this concert, except for two by Mr. Delius, rose to no great heights of beauty, and Max Reger's Pianoforte Quintet was not given. Mr. Edward Major and Mr. Thomas Dunhill have also given concerts of British music, and recitals have been fairly numerous. One of these, given by Miss Liess, deserves special mention, not only because of the artistic style in which she interpreted a very exacting programme, but because of the programme itself which was quite curiously interesting and originally conceived. A beautiful Aria of Bach, and a hymn by Schutz were followed by fine specimens of Parry and Stanford, two strongly imaginative and very difficult songs by Marx, and the Opus 1 of Arnold Schönberg, "Waldjonne," which was both fanciful and intelligible; and there were two beautiful songs of Delius, as well as things by Debussy, Lederer, Liszt, and Muller-Reuter—not one hackneyed nor uninteresting song in all the list!

### Indian Reviews

A WRITER in the *Moslem World* for January on "The Influence of a Moham-medan Environment on the Missionary," points out the danger of compromising with Islam, or lowering the standard of integrity by contact with the proverbial mendacity of the Orient; the dangers also of the loss of evangelistic zeal, of trusting to methods of work not directly evangelistic, and of relying on unspiritual means for the propagation of Christianity. He warns, too, against Oriental flattery and sycophancy, and deteriorating influence. The advice should not be limited to missionaries; it indicates the general necessity for a knowledge of Oriental character. The centenary of Henry Martyn's death in Armenia affords an opportunity for a comparison of missionary work 100 years ago and now, greatly to the advantage of 1912. In more

than one passage the writer charges the English Government, and Germany also, with supporting and encouraging Islam in various parts of Africa. No attempt is made to prove the charge, which seems incredible, and it may be doubted whether it could be substantiated. But the Government policy of religious neutrality can hardly be acceptable to missionary zeal. The service of intercession for the Moslem word prepared for Martyn's centenary will not commend itself to the Mohammedans whose conversion is desired.

The position of Lucknow, and its traditions as the capital of former native rule, have made it a rallying point for Mohammedan activities, second in importance to none in India. It was formerly the strongest Shia centre, but latterly the Sunnis have contested this pre-eminence, and the new party of progress gains ground. It is in such centres that the battle of religions is openly fought, in a manner only possible under the "Pax Britannica." The question of religious liberty depended in past times on the enforcement of the Koran Suras against unbelievers and the renouncement of Islam. But times have changed; toleration has progressed with the growth of civil liberty, and in Turkey, with the intervention of foreign Powers. It is apparently incomplete in Persia, that distracted country which has nominally a constitution, but is falling from bad to worse. An interesting article in this number describes the Bible work among Moslems. They, it is stated, respect the Bible as having been recommended by the Prophet and in the Koran, study it for themselves, and admire it on various grounds. The Bible societies have translated and published it in nearly 500 of the 1,500 languages of the world. But, of course, the distribution of the innumerable copies to 200 million Mohammedans is very difficult; besides missionaries more colporteurs are required, and it is suggested that Moslem assistants should be employed for the purpose. The "Sorrow of Egypt" gives a sad account of the native women, the facilities for divorce, the blindness and mortality among infants. The general note of the review is an appreciation of the difficulties of dealing with Islam, redeemed by the hope of eventual success for the missionary cause. The articles and the supplementary notes continue to throw light on the condition of the Moslems, and their progress in civilisation, in spite of the perpetual drawbacks caused by internal quarrels, polygamy, and want of education.

The *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) from December 11 to January 1 are somewhat less interesting than usual; still, there are some articles worthy of notice. The Editor calls on the Secretary of State for India to make inquiries, and facilitate the admission of Indian students to colleges at the English universities. It is overlooked that the College authorities are masters in their own houses. The students have the remedy in their own hands. If they behave themselves like gentlemen, and possess any merits, they will be welcomed anywhere. They have to recover their prestige and conform to English standards of conduct and truth. The removal of the prejudices existing against them at some Colleges will not be easy. The latest fashion is for offi-

cials to compliment the Indian National Congress on its work. This attitude requires to be adopted with care. When the Congress urges social advance and moral and spiritual regeneration, it may properly be praised, but officials cannot sincerely approve of the political antagonism of the Congress, and should not curry its favour by flattery. In the Madras University there has been a conflict between the vernaculars and science as to the spending of Government grants. The vernaculars have won, perhaps, rightly. This journal dabbles in the Indian financial questions, which are now being much debated, but fails to contribute to their elucidation. It is apparently opposed to a gold currency for India, and favours another Commission of Investigation. Nor does it afford any help on the controversy between Lord Crewe and Mr. Bonar Law about Free Trade or Protection for India. No leading Indian journalist or politician can afford to advocate anything but Protection for India, even against England.

The adulation of Lord Hardinge for the move of the capital to Delhi is a little overdone; the remarks on the Delhi outrage are commonplace, the tendency of all Indians to deny the existence of a conspiracy is opposed to the fact that the offender has been screened so long, in spite of the huge reward offered. Mr. Gokhale comes in for some searching criticism. Before he went to South Africa he advocated equality of treatment for Indians and Englishmen throughout the Empire; since his return to India he has dwelt forcibly upon the difficulties in South Africa, and on the proposal to stop more Indians from going to that country. His Indian critics decline to accept this as the only possible settlement. The confidence shown in China's dealings with the poppy cultivation question is deplorable. Her object is to get rid of the foreign imported opium, and then she knows that no foreign nation will interfere with local cultivation, or punish her for violation of an agreement. The British Government will have given away millions of revenue, which they must recover somehow from the Indian taxpayer.

The *Rajput Herald* for January, devoted to Imperialism, reappears, "after a few months' rest"—Indian journals have a way of taking holidays when they please—no further explanation of the interruption is offered. The proposal (which the Editor admits is his) of India's naval contribution of two or three Dreadnoughts to the defence of the Empire is developed at length. It is intended that the Native Princes, Zemindars, and other wealthy landholders, should, as they could, afford the cost, which should inflict no hardships on the people. There is no statement that the ships should be placed in Indian waters, but it is observed that the Empire is weak in the Pacific, and that the danger of Japanese expansion is ever increasing. The idea has not caught on. Everyone knows that, though the Princes might gain the credit, the "people" would eventually have to pay by enforced contributions. The Maharaja of Alwar, best known for his proficiency at polo, is the subject of an appreciation as an ideal ruler. India's place in the British Empire is discussed for the thousandth time, but

presents no novelty. The failure of the Indian National Congress is written large; the causes assigned are want of proper organisation, and that the Congress leaders have not co-operated with the Progressive Party. The want of harmony with the Muslim League, and the expulsion of the Extremists are other specified causes of failure; the result is, says the writer, a mere tragic-comical assembly, under the guidance of those who are autocratic by inclination, reactionary out of necessity, and useless as a natural consequence. It would be difficult to regard such a body as more than a collection of critics. Severe charges are levelled against Western education and the proposals offered for its improvement; they afford plenty of scope for differences of opinion. The reviews of books, chiefly on India, are belated and partisan. One book which was, to our knowledge, very superficial, is described as a super-human performance, the merits of which none can over-estimate. Greater moderation would have conveyed a better impression.

### Some New French Plays

**L**ES ECLAIREUSES," presented at the Théâtre Marigny, marks another phase in the evolution M. Maurice Donnay's talent has undergone since his *débuts* at the Cabaret du Chat Noir, Montmartre. He was then a very young man, who greatly amused the audience by his shadow-play, "Ailleurs," and especially by his "Fables," the moral of which always consisted in a current phrase of the French language. Here is a specimen:—

Un nègre était prié chez son ambassadeur  
Et, n'ayant pas d'habit, était fort ennuyé;  
Il s'y rendit tout nu, bravant toute pudeur.

MORALITE.

Le noir est toujours habillé.

The play which made M. Donnay's reputation as an author was "Amants," which is really an "extract of Parisianism," as Sarcey termed it. With "Les Oiseaux de Passage" M. Donnay approached certain delicate sociological and social questions, much discussed some years ago. To-day he has attacked a fine, strong subject—Feminism. But, although in the first act of "Les Eclaireuses" he exposes with his usual wit and humour the different theories for and against feminism, we suddenly discover that it is not the real subject of the play. The heroine, Jeanne, does not divorce her husband because of a divergence of views on the rights of women; but because in reality she cares for Jacques Lehelloy, and wishes to be free for him on his return from a long journey. Again, when, after two years of independent life, she feels an unaccountable depression and discouragement, it is not, as she fondly believes, on account of the difficulty she, together with her brave little band of feminists, experiences in the propagation of theories. Although she is unaware of it, Jeanne is in reality born

to love and to be loved. When Jacques tells her that he cares for her, she falls into his arms; for, after all, she is only a poor, tired, discouraged little woman. But, in order to be logical in her own eyes, and to continue her show of independence, she refuses to marry him. For a time things remain thus; but Jacques cannot bear that the woman he cares for sincerely should be exposed to public maliciousness. She must be his wife, otherwise he will not continue to see her. Jeanne still refuses; but at length she understands that life is too strong for her, and she sighs with joy when, after having consented to marry Jacques, she is at last delivered from her so-called liberty of thought and action.

"Les Eclaireuses" is certainly one of M. Donnay's most delicate comedies; only, why has he given, at the beginning of his play, so great an importance to the scenario as almost to obscure the psychological development? Moreover, the poetical qualities of the most witty French author of the day are completely sacrificed; and all M. Donnay's personages are witty—that is to say, they have all borrowed his wit.

The cast shows, of course, an important feminine distribution. Each of the representatives of certain types of feminists are young and pretty women. Jeanne is Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat, who shows a marvellous comprehension of the character of the heroine. Mlle. Blanche Toutain is the doctress, who, being exceedingly attractive, has known how to combine both love and work for her best pleasure. Mlle. de Pouzols has accepted a very small part, but she recites the verses of the poet-princess with rare sentiment. Jacques Lehelloy is M. Claude Garry, whose sober, sincere talent is at its best in this part. M. Signoret personifies a Jewish banker, who is also a satyr, with his usual precision.

The Comédie Française presented recently a new play by M. Kistemaekers, called "L'Embuscade." Jean Guéret is an honest man; he lives happily with his wife Sergine and his daughter Anne-Marie. He is rich, being at the head of an important automobile factory. Sergine Guéret, though at present an irreproachable wife, has committed a slight error in her youth. She has had a child before becoming Guéret's better half. Of course, the motor-car maker is ignorant of this deplorable event. Robert Marcel, the child in question, who, when the curtain rises, is a handsome young man in the early twenties, suddenly makes the acquaintance of his mother—whom he does not once suspect of being a relation—and of Guéret, at a ball given by the latter. The noble Guéret is so fascinated by the frank face and manners of his young friend that, after ten minutes' conversation, he engages him as his partner.

In the second act we see Guéret already in opposition to Robert, whose ideas on justice and on the salaries of workmen differ strangely from his own. A discussion arises; a strike follows; and Robert, outraged by his employer's old-fashioned views and by Sergine's inexplicable attitude towards him, which he interprets as disdain, when in reality it is compressed maternal love, puts himself at the head of the strikers. At this point the play, beginning as a psychological drama, suddenly

develops into a social problem, to the confusion of the audience.

The third act is tense with action and horror: Guéret half-strangles Robert, who has brought him the strikers' ultimatum; he relaxes his grip just in time, on learning the whole truth from his wife, who collapses on the floor; in the distance we hear the explosion of the bomb set by the strikers to blow up the factory. The scenery of the last act represents the ruins of the works: and although it is night, and the surroundings gloomy this *débris* of a factory seems to be *le dernier salon où l'on cause*. The first to enter is a beautiful young Russian countess who is in love with Guéret, and who offers him herself, and, what is of more importance for a ruined man, her fortune, if he will leave his wife and follow her to the ice-bound region where is her home. He accepts, charmed by her captivating Russian accent. Exit the countess. Enter Robert, resolved to constitute himself prisoner. Guéret forbids him to do so, as he will have to look after his mother. Enter Sergine, humble and submissive. After a painful scene with her husband, they are on the point of separating for ever, when their daughter, the candid Anne-Marie, makes her appearance. At the sight of their innocent child, who will be the poor victim of the errors of their youth, this middle-aged couple pardon their mutual sins: Guéret adopts Robert, and the curtain falls on a touching family picture.

M. Kistemaekers had an idea he wished to expound: according to him, in the life of each one of us are unexpected ambushes. We are contented, esteemed; suddenly an unforeseen event happens, as in the case of Sergine and Jean Guéret, destroying all our frail edifice of happiness, upsetting all our notions of justice and equity, overthrowing confidence in those who are nearest and dearest to us. This idea, though not precisely new, would have held some interest if treated as a fine, keen comedy; as a popular melodrama, it seems particularly out of place on the stage of the Comédie Française.

The actors interpret "L'Embuscade" with conviction. Mme. Berthe Cerny lends her remarkable personality to the part of the sad Sergine. M. de Féraudy, generally so irreproachable, only half succeeded in interesting us in Jean Guéret, whilst Georges le Roy, a quite young *pensionnaire* of the Comédie Française, who, until now, had not had an occasion of revealing himself, has shown in the rather unsympathetic part of Robert Marcel his undeniable artistic value.

MARC LOGE.

### Views of the East\*

CAPTAIN BAKER was unfortunate in his choice of a title for his miscellany of sketches and essays, since the subject which one would infer to be the chief topic of discussion is only mentioned here and there, and

\* *The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe*. By CAPTAIN B. GRANVILLE BAKER. With 33 Illustrations. and a Map. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

*A Turkish Woman's European Impressions*. By ZEYNEB HANOUM. Edited by GRACE ELLISON. With 23 illustrations. (Seeley, Service and Co. 6s. net.)

that rather by way of digression than for the purpose of serious discussion. We are not suggesting that the work does not contain matter of considerable interest. It is of interest and importance to learn from an eye-witness well qualified to pronounce an opinion upon the subject what many of us have supposed to be the case for some time past—that the Turks are either supremely indifferent about the war or childishly optimistic. It is also of importance to be told once more that the Turk, *qua* citizen, has no conception whatsoever of the significance of the word "Vaterland" or "Patrie." The binding tie between him and his fellow-citizens, such as it is, is a religious and not a political one. As politician he is completely devoid of constructive ability. The power to destroy he has inherited from countless generations of ancestors, but anybody conversant with the temperament of the Turk could have told us long before the event what the latter itself demonstrated—the ease with which the young Turks succeeded in the initial stages of their enterprise, and their utter failure to substitute for the old order something more consonant with modern ideas of civilisation.

For the authentic confirmation of our previous beliefs upon these topics we are bound to confess our indebtedness to Captain Baker, but there our gratitude ends. For the remaining ninety-nine hundredths of his work are composed of the most extraordinary and heterogeneous medley of anecdotal history and puzzling discursions that it has ever befallen us to meet. Mohammed, Charlemagne, Justinian, Tamerlane, Roxalana, the ancient Romans, the modern Greeks, and an infinite variety of other persons and peoples tumble pell-mell through these 330 teeming pages with a suddenness and irrelevancy which is positively alarming. What have all these good people to do with the passing of the Turkish Empire? Absolutely *nil*; and even where for a brief second or two the author condescends to tell us something about the realities of what is happening now, and not what was happening a couple of thousand years ago, the information is suddenly arrested by the needless intrusion of some such academic problem as "Who built the Church of St. Irene?"

Again, there are constant and inexplicable digressions into the history of Latin Christianity, quite unwarranted by the nature of the thesis. But this is only one example of a complete lack of plan and uniformity, of logical sequence and inter-connection. The whole work shows signs of very great haste of preparation; in particular, the sketches are obviously hurried and lifeless, and the grammar is often atrocious. That the Turk is effete may be true enough; but did it require 330 pages to tell us as much? Finally, when all the world knows that the Bulgarians are before the lines of Chataldja, have been there some time past, and are likely to remain there for some time to come, it was scarcely necessary to tell us two or three times in every chapter that the Bulgarians are hammering at the gates, *scilicet*, the lines of Chataldja.

The Zeyneb and Melek of M. Pierre Loti's romance, "*Les Désenchantées*," appear to have believed that the general public was entitled to share their disenchantment in connection with the subject of harem life. One of their methods of convincing us that the yashmak does not of necessity and in every case conceal such ravishing beauty as we are accustomed to associate with that article of apparel is to present us with a large number of photographs of themselves unadorned by its becoming suggestiveness. If the desire and aim of Zeyneb and Melek is the furtherance of the emancipation of Turkish women, there was no need for such prodigality; but the fact is, nevertheless, symbolical of a growing determination on the part of the fair sex in Turkey to throw off the stifling veil of convention, never more intolerable than under the Hamidian régime. One of the most bitter complaints of the Hanoums (Turkish ladies) is that the high degree of culture to which a long and laborious education and the possession of unlimited leisure for reading enable them to attain merely enhances the spiritual torments involved in the life imposed upon them by the customs of their country. The trouble apparently is largely due to the changed ideas consequent upon the visit of the Empress Eugénie to Constantinople and the honours showered upon her, who, after all, was "only a woman."

In the present volume we are shown the various impressions made upon a mind suddenly released from the harem and brought into contact with the daily life of Western men and women. Such impressions are, upon the whole, none too favourable. Western ladies shock the Hanoums with the ungracefulness of their pastimes. It is a heart-felt relief to leave Paris. "Paris with its noise and clamour and perpetual and useless movement!" The restlessness and superficiality of Western life disgust the calm, cultured temperament of the East. In place of the longed-for consummation of suppressed ideals follow the disillusionment and disappointment which anybody but an Hanoum would have foreseen. But the fair Zeyneb must own that there are excuses even for speaking English otherwise than it is spoken in a Turkish harem if one happens to be an Englishman, or wearing one's hat in the House of Commons if one happens to be an elected member of that august assembly, or being Mr. Lloyd George and not having a commanding presence, an eagle eye, and a wicked face, or even for the anatomical anomalies of "Eyes to the right, nose to the left."

However, Zeyneb pays us the gracious compliment of saying that Englishmen remind her of Turks, and in charity we must assume that the comparison is intended to be flattering. Or is there some subtle allusion to the attitude of the average Turk towards the welfare of his country—namely, one of complete indifference? In other words, "Is John Bull a Turk?" We leave the question unanswered, and in conclusion express our heartfelt sympathy with a

*désenchantée* whose latest disillusion is the discovery that European men and women are not altogether such beings as they are represented to be in the pages of modern novels. Alas, poor Zeyneb!

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### Mr. Pett Ridge at Essex Hall

WE anticipated an enjoyable evening when we heard that Mr. Pett Ridge was to lecture on "Cockney Humour" at the Essex Hall, on Friday, the 28th ult.; nor were we disappointed. Without any beating about the bush, Mr. Pett Ridge started straight away on his subject. He told of his own personal experiences among what he calls the lower middle class. He considers that this class, not being hampered by conventional restrictions, has retained its natural fount of humour. There is no doubt about the quickness of their repartee—whether it is always seasoned with humour depends greatly upon the point of view. At any rate, Mr. Pett Ridge has managed to winnow all the grains from the chaff which came his way, and, possessing the facile pen and the easy delivery, both his books and his lectures are a treat in which one cannot indulge too often. The lecture lasted about forty-five minutes, which is perhaps a long enough time to expect anyone to retain his voice and remain interesting, but there was one part which we wish could have been dwelt upon at greater length, and that was with regard to the catch-phrases of the time. Mr. Pett Ridge led up to this very well, and then went off to another branch of his discourse. Probably it would have made the evening too long, but we hope at some future time again to hear Mr. Ridge on his favourite theme.

The lecture was delivered, as we announced last week, under the auspices of the National Book Trade Provident Society, the chair being taken by John Lane, Esq., who was not behind in adding his contribution to the humour of the evening.

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## The Theatre

### "Queen Tara" at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin

MR. DARRELL FIGGIS, with a worthy civic loyalty, arranged for the first performance of his new play, "Queen Tara," to be given in Dublin, and it was produced last week by Mr. Benson's Shakespearean company. The scene of "Queen Tara" is in Illyricum. Julian, the King, has married a lady of doubtful antecedents; the nobles resent the alliance, and resent still more the queen's evident attempt to dominate the State. On her two brothers, Serge and Peter, being declared princes, a party is formed actively hostile to her influence. The director of the

conspiracy is Brabo, and his prime instrument is Stephen, the noble who controls the guard. Stephen loves the King, but the insolence of Serge makes him one of the conspirators. While the conspiracy is proceeding, Julian has a glimpse of Tara's ambitions; he discovers that she loves him for the power she can use through him. Then he resolves to live to protect her name, but the impetuosity of Stephen shows him that her name is a mockery in the streets. Life fails him then. The conspiracy is forced on; Tara is murdered by direction of the officers, and Julian, almost accidentally, meets his death.

This is the fable of Mr. Figgis's new play. "King Julian" would have been a fitter title for it. It is evident that Mr. Figgis wished to make his "soft, subtle woman, eaten of guile" the significant character in the play; his intention is not fulfilled, however, and Tara, in the text and on the stage, remained indeterminate. But in Julian he has given us a real character—a sentimentalist, hardened a little by kingship, impetuous and nervous, happy in his popularity, and more happy in the possession of his present love. He never heeds the conspiracy that Anthony declares is gathering around him; he sees the worthlessness of Serge, but he will not lower him from his dignity, and he will not strike at Brabo and Stephen. His outbursts are merely articulations of nervousness, and the daggers of his soldiers destroy a man who has temporarily lost his control over life.

In Tara, Mr. Figgis tried to portray a Cleopatra whose appeal was to the finer and not to the baser elements in man—or, rather, a Cleopatra who could make both appeals and preferred to make the better one. After Mr. Herbert's Julian, the most memorable impersonations were Mr. Warburton's Stephen, Mr. Yarrow's Brabo, Mr. Cairns' Anthony, and Mr. Braham's Serge. The part of Serge, a bad-tempered snob, was easy, perhaps, to make effective, but it must be said that it was well and vigorously done. The scene in which the young upstart falls into Brabo's trap and breaks up the conclave by fastening a quarrel on Stephen, the bowed and loyal noble, is one of the best in the play. Mr. Figgis might have completed the portrait of the politic Anthony by giving him the garb of a priest or a bishop. Hagen, Tara's former lover, only appears once in the play.

I have spoken of the impetuosity of Julian's character. I think it is evident in the text of the play. Mr. Henry Herbert, however, did not include it in his reading of the part. He played a grave and slow-spoken man, whose appearance and manners suggested Charles the First rather than King René. Instead of the sentimentalist he gave us the ideologist. Julian's eager fancies about free choice in love and friendship he rendered as abstract notions; the nervous strain in the character had to remain with the words. But Mr. Herbert's performance was a fine one; if not consistent with the text it was consistent with itself. He was always dignified, and in the tragic scenes in the play he was very emotional. The play was finely produced.

The setting for each scene was simple and significant. The throne-room, with its chequered back-cloth was followed by the conspirators' chamber with its crimson hangings; then came Tara's room in saffron, and the council-chamber in purple. The costumes were old Slavonic, with lively colours that blended effectively. The last scene was dimly lighted by a hanging lamp.

Mr. Figgis is to be congratulated on having produced a verse play that has as good a chance of holding the theatre as a well-made prose play. His verse is quick and modern:—

It's as I said,  
We will go talking till Heaven's trumpet blast  
Shivers the curtained air. I think the angels  
Will find us here, grey-haired and ague-limbed,  
Discussing the rottenness of the State and why  
A harlot should be queen, or one of her brothers  
The captain of the king's most excellent guard.

There are some speeches in which Mr. Figgis allows his lines to be filled up with unnecessary words, but he has succeeded emphatically in making verse a medium for dramatic dialogue. He is too recent a critic of Shakespeare to permit himself to forget certain scenes—the queen striking the messenger of evil tidings, the knocking at the gate at midnight, the reconciliation over the dead body of the prince. Perhaps if he had projected his idea of the State he could have made the play truer and more full. The conspiracy is too vague, and it gathers no strength from any conception of the State. Soldiers of his guard assassinate the King. This must seem incredible unless we are made to believe that their treason comes from the corruption of the State.

PADRAIC COLUM.

### "Her Side of the House" at the Aldwych Theatre

LAST June we wrote in connection with Mr. Lechmere Worrall's first play, "Ann," that he should do better next time, for he appeared to possess all such advantages as bravery and youth could bestow. His new play, written with Miss Atté Hall, does much to make us feel that being fairly young and bold is not in itself enough to produce a new comedy in three acts which will be a delightful work of art. However, "Her Side of the House" was greeted with applause and a good deal of laughter on Tuesday—often in the wrong places. Although far from being an accomplished piece of work, it may serve for the short period that Sir Joseph Beecham has told us it can remain at the Aldwych. The story may be true, but it does not seem very likely. Cecile (Miss Dulce Musgrave) is a young and rich girl fresh from a convent, who is married by her grandmother, Mme. de Brienne (Miss Helen Ferrers), to a nice-looking and poor English peer, Lord Arlington (Mr. Godfrey Tearle). Thus the elder lady has the satisfaction of making a good match, the peer gets wealth, and the young girl

achieves the thing she most desires—freedom. It seems that her husband loves her, and that she has no views in that connection and intends to remain fancy-free until she knows more of life. Thus she refuses a honeymoon, and arranges her home in Carlton House Terrace so that it is, as it were, divided against itself.

On one side lives Lord Arlington, who takes up a mysterious and money-making business in the City—as people may in plays—and on the other her ladyship, with such friends as she may choose. These are principally Lady Heathcote (Miss Joy Chatwyn) and Lord Gerald Cholmley (Mr. Harold Deacon). The lady, who is almost impossibly unpleasing, has been the intimate friend of Lord Arlington long ago, and the gentleman proposes to become the same sort of thing to the young and, as we are told, beautiful wife, Cecile. The little plot the authors set themselves to solve is how they shall make the hero and heroine understand and love each other. The means employed to this end do not seem to us either very convincing or very amusing, but the agreeable end is at last brought about by a series of little tricks and scenes, and the two wicked people are discomfited, and Cecile wins her way to knowledge and the love of her rather dull husband.

In this difficult part Mr. Tearle played with great seriousness and skill; he did not attract one's sympathy particularly, nor did he offend; he merely played straightforwardly the part as it was written, with skill and feeling. Miss Musgrave, on the other hand, put every bit of art she possesses into the character of Cecile; all her resources were laid before us; every vocal twist she could command was made use of; no effort was spared. The result appeared to please the audience, but it was never the kind of art that conceals itself or even seems sincere. We are inclined to think that here again it was more the fault of the written word than of the performer. The action of the play is neither brisk nor neat. Miss Ferrers, for example, as the uninteresting grandmother, is made to hold up the play for a time while she describes her own past and that of her daughter and a few other people.

Mr. Toosé, as Monsieur Teste, a manicurist, does the same, while he gives Cecile his views on what love may be. Mr. Spencer Trevor, in an excellent make-up as the old Duke of Vernay, also draws out the action of the play to some extent, while he tells us his opinion of the other characters. In short, the comedy, while showing some promise, is not a very skilful piece of work, but it is good enough to make us wish that it were just a little better, a little more lively and lifelike. At its close Mr. Worrall came on the stage and told us how pleased he was, how well Miss Rosina Filippi had staged the play, how Miss Atté Hall was one of those dear people who hide their light under a bushel, and how proud he was to be the first man produced by a lady. All of which left us with the sensation that it would have been

charming if the Fates had endowed Mr. Worrall with a little more sense of fun, and had enabled him and his fellow-author to make "Her Side of the House" the fine comedy which he seems to hint he really believed it to be.

### "Westward Ho!" (matinées) at the Palladium

IT is, perhaps, a little late in the day to give us a stage version of the book which Kingsley made our boyhood's friend. Then, too, the admirable "Drake" at His Majesty's, now about to end its long run, has taken, to some extent, the wind from out the sails of such a subject. But, notwithstanding many disadvantages, Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton, well supported by Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, Mr. Edward O'Neill, and some dozen others, managed deeply to engage the interest of a large audience at the first representation of Miss Peggy Webling's play. This was all the more creditable to the actors, as the present adaptation of the novel is a rather sketchy, a rather incomplete and haphazard affair. No doubt the familiarity of the play-going public with the story is sufficient to make up for the somewhat casual telling in the present case, and the vivid melodramatic scenes and fine tableaux will cause "Westward Ho!" to be popular once more in its new form. Seriously, however, one cannot avoid feeling that Mr. Lang and his company might be engaged in more valuable work.

We know a poet once wrote that—

To clothe the fiery thought  
In simple words succeeds,  
For still the craft of genius is  
To mask a king in weeds.

But Miss Webling appears to have carried this profound idea just a little too far, and to have rather destroyed the splendours of the well-remembered "Westward Ho!" in her efforts to make a simple and broadly popular melodrama from its crowded pages. Still, there always remain Mr. Lang's grand manner, the neat efficiency of Mr. Hobbs, the sincerity and efflorescence of Miss Britton, and the experience of the rest of a good cast to force the present well-mounted edition of "Westward Ho!" into one more successful version of the far-famed novel.

EGAN MEW.

### The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House

THE pleasing custom of commemorating deceased members of the Royal Academy by exhibitions of their collected works has taken shape this year in a capital display of the work of Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, who died in the spring of last year. Rather more than a couple of hundred of his pictures have

been run to earth and gathered together on the walls of Burlington House, some of them from such distant spots as South Africa and Florence, and with the co-operation of such distinguished contributors as King George and the Queen of Holland. There is a special appropriateness in the last-named, as the great artist was by birth and early education a native of the Netherlands, and might never have left his own country but for the difficulties which placed an apparently insuperable obstacle to his pursuing his studies in painting there. His was a precocious talent, and at no time of his life need he have been ashamed of the portraits of his mother and of himself, painted when he was an untaught lad of sixteen in a lawyer's office, and exhibited in a Dutch exhibition not further specified. Though painted in the sombre tones characteristic of the Dutch School, they are marked by the meticulous but well-balanced thoroughness that distinguished his work until the day of his death, and with even greater appreciation of personality than marked most of his later efforts. But thoroughness was in his blood; and if we read the development in his pictures aright, his whole artistic career was a seeking after light. Upon him the sombre shadows of advancing years never descended. His latest pictures pulsate with brilliant light and colour as those of few men have done, reversing the process which generally overcasts the glow and glamour of youth with the darker and dingier hues of disappointment and old age.

He dwelt, indeed, in a world of imagination. First Egypt called him, and then the gorgeous world of Greece and Rome, which he has revived with a vividness that few painters have approached or achieved. When he was but twenty-two he painted the powerful picture of "The Death of the First-born," a theme to which he returned with added power later on. Dated three years earlier is a striking and characteristically Dutch "Corner of a Courtyard in Amsterdam"—a beautifully thorough piece of work, with the lights managed in a fashion suggestive of his later developments. The earliest definite note of his finished manner is found, perhaps, in "the Pyrrhic Dance," a splendidly vigorous theme, demanding vigorous draughtsmanship, full of the fierce Roman spirit, though still far removed from the sensuous "lilies and languors" of the majority of the pictures by which he will best be remembered. In 1867 he painted "A Roman Picture-Gallery" in a style that marks his transition from the old to the new in its handling of light and colour, while showing clearly the hold which the vanished life of Rome was beginning to take of him. "The Death of the First-born" is repeated in 1872: the theme and much of its treatment and grouping remain substantially the same as in the earlier picture, but light is present in greater fullness, in spite of the fact that the catastrophe really took place at night. A few architectural interiors are less successful; and we must frankly confess to caring little for the majority of his portraits—the solid British citizen and citizeness lent

themselves but ill to the ethereal treatment of his later and latest manner; for the most part his efforts in this direction are conscientious pot-boilers. In his pursuit of light, and all the fascinating complexities of its play upon water and marble and the human figure, he lost more and more the ambition to render character, and the absence of this desire necessarily weakened him as a portrait-painter, and must remain the principal blemish upon his work.

But this, however, is only to say that one man cannot be everything. There was no carelessness in his work at any time, and in the direction which he made his own his triumph was great indeed. Few painters, ancient or modern, have ever so rioted in the mastery of their own province. The delight of his labour is always with him. Bright sunshine falling upon many-coloured marbles, Southern seas of vivid blue, rich Pompeian interiors, difficult problems of perspective and pose lightly and efficiently encountered, the elusive touch of light on stone and water and purple hills, the seeming hardness of objects in the cloudless sunshine of Attica and Italy—all these he faced and subdued to his hand with an appearance of ease that showed perfect mastery of the *ars celare artem*. Nobody could guess by what sustained toil and unremitting intellectual effort these wonders had been achieved. But he had his reward in making the fairyland his own, and in learning the secret of Uhland's fine lines:—

"Nur ein Wunder kann dich tragen  
In das schoene Wunderland."

One is perforce reduced to generalities in treating of the plethora of these later pictures. Seldom has there been such boldly delicate handling of difficult contrasts in diaphanous colour and consummate draughtsmanship as, for instance, in the great painting of "The Roses of Heliogabalus," or in the wonderful reproductions of life in the Coliseum, one of which was his latest work. No man deserved better the honours that were showered upon him, or left behind him a loftier example of thoroughness and devotion to whatsoever he undertook. Beyond all doubt he will be reckoned as one of the outstanding features in the art of the Victorian age.

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## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

### EUROPE IN ARMS.

THE ordinary man, wholly dependent for his information upon the news columns of the daily Press, has been perplexed to no small extent by the recent momentous development in the domain of international politics. After being told day after day over a long period that Europe was on the edge of a widespread conflagration, he welcomed with relief the signs of improvement that began to manifest them-

selves in the relations between England and Germany; and when, as a consequence of the Emperor Franz Josef's initiative, Austria and Russia agreed to take the first steps in the demobilisation of their frontier armies, he felt that at last an interval of tranquillity was in store such as would enable him to pursue his customary avocation free from the anxiety occasioned by war alarms. But no sooner is it evident that sensible compromise is to solve the Near Eastern problem than there comes the announcement that, following the lead of Germany, all the great Continental Powers are immediately to embark upon gigantic programmes of army expansion. The inspired statements emanating from Berlin do not conceal that in official circles the contemplated measures are looked upon as essential to meet an urgent situation, and it must be confessed that upon the surface they bear the aspect of preparation in a panic. If journals usually in touch with the Government are to be believed, the programme will involve non-recurring expenditure to the extent of no less than fifty millions sterling, and a permanent annual addition to the ordinary estimates of from ten to fifteen millions sterling.

Fifty thousand young men who for various reasons have hitherto escaped military service, are in future to undergo training; new barracks are to be built; and the artillery is to be re-armed and new fortifications constructed, especially along the eastern frontier. As far as the non-recurring amount is concerned, the expenditure will be met by the extraordinary measure of a single contribution levied on property. To the challenge arising out of these remarkable proposals France was not long in giving her answer. Without a moment's unnecessary delay the Government announced its intention to devote a capital sum of twenty millions sterling to the purposes of Army expansion, and it is clearly understood that such provision is only to be regarded as a first contribution towards meeting the situation.

Then, as a means of increasing the effective peace strength of the Army, and, what is still more important, of raising the standard of its efficiency, the three years' period of training for conscripts is once more to be restored in place of the two years' period.

Russia, the ally of France, has also accepted the German challenge in a bold spirit. She is to take steps forthwith to raise three new army corps, strengthen her cavalry, and add to her reserves. Her artillery is to be so increased that eventually it will possess no fewer than 15,000 pieces.

When the three great military Powers of Europe, whose already enormous armies are the result of steady growth over a long period of years, suddenly make up their minds to embark, as it were, at a leap, upon colossal programmes of expansion, and at a time, too, when the surface of diplomacy appears to be calm, then the ordinary man may be forgiven his perplexity. To enlighten him it becomes necessary to examine carefully the motives which have inspired Germany's action, for it is the initiative of Germany that has led to this recent

and sinister competition in land armaments. The official explanation, published in Berlin, that the altered situation in South Eastern Europe has necessitated the new measures, is received in many quarters with scepticism.

The belief prevails in France that German policy has taken a frankly aggressive turn, and that her preparations are evidence of determination to crush the Republic. This belief, however, does not necessarily conflict with the official explanation of motive advanced in Berlin. The re-shaping of the map of the Balkans, as in the case of the transfer of Morocco to France, only served to convince Germany once more of the powerful influence exerted by the Triple Entente. Her repeated attempts to break up that compact by diplomatic scheming have completely failed. Time has proved that the memorable Potsdam interview between the Tsar and the Kaiser, the result of which at the moment was generally supposed to have been favourable to Germany, did not in the least impair the relations existing between Russia and her ally. Stress has been laid upon the slight improvement in the feeling between England and Germany as exhibited during the Near Eastern crisis; but we should not forget that, however welcome to all lovers of peace the growth of this friendship may be, it cannot and will not be cultivated at the expense of the solidarity of the Triple Entente. For it is only by remaining loyal to France and Russia that the foundations of our high policy, which determines that the balance of power in Europe be maintained, are rendered secure. So far the efforts of Germany to destroy this unity have completely failed. Morocco lost to her, it may well be that the outcome of the Balkan campaign, which dealt her interests and those of her ally, Austria, a severe blow, has led the Wilhelmstrasse to the conclusion that the sword alone can sever the ties that bind the Powers composing the Triple Entente.

That the altered situation in South-Eastern Europe has exercised a considerable influence on the policy of Germany is undeniable. Publicists who see in her action merely aggression aimed at France neglect to pay sufficient heed to the drastic changes which recent events have wrought upon the map of Europe.

Turkey as a military power, friendly to Germany, has disappeared. In her place are the young and vigorous Balkan States, who naturally lean towards Russia, and may therefore be relied upon in the future to support the Triple Entente. That circumstance is bound to have a very important bearing upon Germany's military plans. For it means that, in the event of a widespread European conflict, the Balkan States would attack Austria, that in all probability there would be a rising of the many millions of Slav subjects within the Dual Monarchy, and that Russia, whose active-service army totals nearly four million men, could render France invaluable service by throwing enormous forces across the eastern frontier of Germany. The effect of the Near Eastern campaign has therefore been to render Austria of little account

as the ally of Germany. Apart altogether from this circumstance, surely sufficient in itself to cause the Kaiser and his advisers not a little anxiety, there remained other considerations of an extremely significant character, all of which doubtless stimulated them to energy.

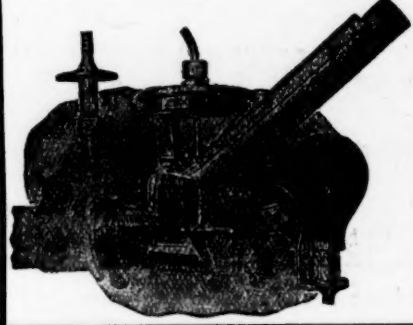
The new spirit in France—the fever of patriotism which has seized upon her people—must have been appraised at its proper value in the deliberations at Berlin. Then the new spirit of Russia, as embodied in her gigantic military preparations and her marvellous prosperity, cannot have been overlooked. Thus, wherever Germany has turned—to her eastern and western frontiers, or yet again across the seas—she has found herself faced with opposing force of enormous strength. No sooner has she built the second greatest navy in the world, and compelled respect on the ocean, than she finds that the Continental military situation has completely changed, and in a sense that renders her position precarious. Consequently on land, as on sea, she cannot secure a position of strategic freedom, such as would ensure that her diplomacy shall enjoy what she regards as an adequate measure of support. Viewed from this standpoint, the reasons for German military expansion become perfectly intelligible. Her latest programme is merely another development in that fixed policy which her statesmen have frankly expounded—the policy which aims at successfully encountering the diplomacy of the Triple Entente.

In short, Germany claims that her desire for a place in the sun is not at all provocative. That, however, is an issue which she, as an interested party, cannot decide alone. So long as her ambitions are confined within the bounds of what other nations hold to be reason, then her military expansion will not bear the character of aggression. But she cannot complain if her policy and its avowed aim meet with scepticism and counter-preparation. The real danger of the situation is to be found in the attitude of the German people towards the new and great demands that are to be made upon their financial resources. All the signs go to show that at last the burden of armaments has strained their patience to the breaking point. The writer does not agree with the general impression created by this eleventh-hour revolt of public opinion in Germany: that it will act as a check upon the Imperial policy of the nation, and will in the end prove to have served the cause of peace. The determination and patriotism of the German masses are not so easily turned aside. So soon as the "new situation" is thoroughly explained to them, they will not lack response. Any irritation they may feel, however, will be directed against those enemies of the Fatherland whose world activities have rendered further military expansion necessary. Rather than that the tremendous strain should be prolonged, they may, indeed, succeed in persuading their rulers that a life-and-death struggle in war is preferable to a peace in economic bondage.

## MOTORING

FOR the great majority of motorists there is at the present time one topic of paramount interest and importance, namely, that of motor fuel and the price they will have to pay for it in the near future. The "ring," headed by the Shell Company, has shown its contempt for competitive "motor owners' combines," petrol substitutes, etc., by a second substantial advance in price since the wide-spread agitation against its methods commenced, and the unfortunate car-owner, faced with the practical certainty of still further exploitation at an early date, can do nothing but rely upon the big motoring organisations to find some way to help him.

It is satisfactory to note that at last a tangible step has been taken in the above direction. As is generally known, the Petrol Committee of the R.A.C. arrived finally at the conclusion that the only hope of the motorist lay in the discovery of a suitable substitute for petrol, the search for which they relegated to a joint committee representing all three motoring bodies—the R.A.C., the A.A. and M.U., and the "Society." The first meeting of this committee was held last week, when, with the permission of the Executive Committee of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, Mr. Stenson Cooke was appointed secretary. It will be the general opinion of the motoring community that no better selection could have been made. Mr. Cooke is a veritable glutton for work, and he possesses, moreover, in a high degree, the rare combination of capacity for attention to detail with the breadth of view and imagination necessary for the initiation of bold departures from established routine. His preliminary work will consist mainly in the collation of facts bearing upon the locating of the various places where petrol substitutes are at present produced, and finding out in what way such production can be encouraged and increased. There will be no fixed dates for the meetings of the Committee, which will only be convened when there is something worth considering. Any motorist who has had personal experience of motor fuels other than petrol, or who has any practical scheme or suggestion



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to put forward in relation to the fuel problem, is invited to communicate with Mr. Stenson Cooke, Fanum House, Whitcomb Street, London, W., from whom he can count upon receiving every courtesy and attention.

For the benefit of the many motorists who are anxious to try benzol, but do not know where to get it, *The Motor* has compiled the following useful list of the places in London where the spirit can be obtained:—The Gas Light and Coke Company, at the Westminster, Beckton, Woolwich, and Goswell Road depots; the Gas Lighting Improvement Company, Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.; the Otto Gas Company, Queen Street Place, E.C.; A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn (who sell it in two-gallon cans at 1s. 2d. per gallon); T. Crow and Sons, West Ham; and the South Metropolitan Gas Company, East Greenwich. The price, at present, is 1s. 2d. per gallon or less (against that of 1s. 9d. for petrol), and no duty is being charged. This last is rather curious, because the regulations concerning the petrol tax undoubtedly apply equally to benzol. Probably the authorities consider that the consumption of the home-made spirit is not yet sufficiently important to warrant the putting into motion of the necessary tax-collecting machinery. But the increasing demand will soon alter this state of affairs, and the prudent motorist will be well advised to contract for large quantities of benzol at the present price, if he can.

Writing of the 18-22-h.p. six-cylinder Belsize, a correspondent to *The Autocar* states that he has used one for over two years, and finds it an excellent car for all-round work. He has repeatedly run from Manchester to Matlock and Buxton, sometimes in bad weather, with hood up and five passengers, entirely on top gear from start to finish. Petrol consumption averages 15 m.p.g. on all sorts of roads, and in all weathers, and he runs fully 1000 miles on a gallon of oil. This will interest those who have imagined that the advantages of the six-cylinder can only be obtained by a big initial outlay and heavy expense in upkeep.

There is every indication that the year 1913 will be notable for an immense increase in the popularity of the cycle-car, both amongst those whose limited means render economy in first cost and in running expenses essential, and those more fortunate ones who can afford to keep the useful little runabouts as adjuncts to their garages. The prospective purchaser will find a lot of really valuable information with regard to the different types of cycle-cars now on the market in the issue of *The Cycle-car* for March 12th. Many of the 100 or so of makes at present in the field are necessarily of an experimental nature, whilst others have already established a reputation for efficiency and reliability. The special article on "Selecting a Cycle-car," which is to appear in the issue of *The Cycle-car* referred to, should therefore be carefully studied by the buyer.

R. B. H.

## In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

**E**ACH day the newspapers declare that peace will only be a few hours in coming. All the foreign experts who pretend to an inside knowledge of what is called foreign policy are quite sure that the war between Turkey and the Allies cannot last another week. The Bourses are full of joy. But no business results. The public flatly refuses to purchase anything. Now I am rather inclined to back the public. I do not believe much in the semi-official declarations that the war is practically ended. When I see Russia and Austria disband their forces I will change my mind. The *Reichspost* organ of the Heir Apparent, said that complete demobilisation had been agreed upon. We are now told that the two Empires intend to keep large forces in arms and will only demobilise a portion of their armies. To the "man in the street" this does not look like peace, but the manœuvrings for position of two great armies bent upon tricking each other.

I may be quite wrong, but I strongly advise my readers to refrain from purchasing anything until the treaty of peace has actually been signed—the conditions are too dangerous to run any risks.

There have been no new issues of any moment. The City of Montreal offered 4½ per cent.—a high rate for so important a city and one in such good credit. The Acetylene Gas Co. need not trouble us. It is too trivial and too speculative.

MONEY is talked much cheaper. But I can see little except talk in the future. The Government is locking up large sums and shows no signs that it will soon release them. India takes gold and the Argentine may also want more money. Huge Foreign Loans are being prepared. Hundreds of millions are discussed. All these will, of course, not seriously affect the money market in the long run, because the actual securities created will be gilt-edged, and can be used as collateral for further loans. But each big loan causes a temporary tightness and a multiplicity of big loans seriously incommodes the European market. Trade shows signs of slackness, and here we may get a genuine release of funds—but at the expense of the profits of the nation.

FOREIGNERS.—When France says she wants twenty-five millions it is hers. She is the richest country in the world. Her reservoir of gold is huge. But when Germany follows suit the moneylenders put up their rates. Austria has to pay even higher rates than her neighbour, and no one knows what Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey and Roumania will have to pay. Certainly not less than six per cent. Russia needs big sums for her railways, and as long as the Paris bankers can make sure that the money will actually be spent upon railways and not upon guns they will lend all she needs. The Chinese Loan, according to Reuter, has been agreed. But I am told that nothing has yet been settled. I am further informed that the Six Power group has split up. England will lend the bulk of the money. France, the next largest share. Germany and the United States each take a small block, but neither Russia nor Japan will participate. They would have to borrow the money in any case. Sir Edward Grey may come out top in the end. We do the bulk of the Chinese trade, and we should entirely control the Loan issues. But the Foreign Office is tied

to the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, and this has caused great jealousy in the City. Crisp will lend no more. The Chinese now say that they are sorry they ever went to him. But there are other groups who have great resources and they may take the place of the Crisp group. In any case, London should be free to lend China as much money as she needs, and on her own terms. Sir Edward Grey should consult outside people who know the East. He works in a vicious circle.

**HOME RAILS.**—The market has been very depressed over the trouble with the Midland. The Stock Exchange frankly considers the railway company quite in the wrong. Stock dealers are always on the side of the master, but on this occasion they agree with the men. Another railway strike would end in Nationalisation. That is a certainty. It may be that the Labour Party, which would get fat jobs out of such a great scheme, will therefore push on another strike, knowing quite well what the ultimate end will be. The public on the look-out for cheap stocks will possibly pick up the best. Nationalisation would be a bad thing for the nation because it would burden it with a huge debt. But from the point of view of the investor in railways, the idea is enticing because the rate of purchase has been fixed and it is satisfactory.

**YANKEE RAILS** are almost as flat as Home Rails. The Union Pacific settlement appears as far off as ever. The only thing to do is to hang on. Traffics for the last six months of 1912 were good all round, but expenses seem also to have increased, and taxation is now a very serious charge. There appears nothing to go for in this market at the moment. Bankers do not think we shall get any move till peace has been declared. People who like cheap stocks are buying Eries and Rocks. I hope they will not burn their fingers. The Copper position looks a shade harder, but here also the money market has influenced the "bull" position which can no longer be carried.

**RUBBER** shares do not improve. The big buyers of rubber in the United States have not been able to finance their purchases, and some of the firms have been in trouble. A committee has been formed to deal with the financial position. It is not serious, but it means a lower price for raw rubber, therefore lower prices for the shares. The last auction took all except 500 tons. But will the next be equally lucky? I can see no serious slump. There is no "bull" position open. But I do see a steady dwindling market—and decreased dividends. In the end only the companies that have been capitalised at a low figure will come out safely. The Batu Caves final dividend was good. This is one of the best estates in the Malay; the board never miss the chance of buying the shares. Bagan Serai report is also good. Here, again we have a well managed company whose shares would be cheap at par.

**OIL** goes on mounting in price, but the share market hangs fire. The Fortunā well on the Premier Oil and Pipe struck oil at a mile deep, thus giving renewed life to the Tustanowice field. This is a "bull point," and the shares have been bought by Holland and Belgium. There are many "bulls" about, but I will say that the latest news in regard to the property is good. The weak spot is the huge capital. There is no news regarding Egypt; we must wait the result of the well now going down to deep levels. If that strikes oil then we may see a rise. In Russia nothing is talked of but oil. The boom there must collapse sooner or later, but the Russian companies are doing well. Mantascheff paid 20 per cent. British Maikops are being bought.

**MINES.**—The Robinson reports are out, but they are not very good, not so good as the cabled summaries led us to expect. The speech of "Dr. Jim" was much liked

by the House, but it had little or no effect upon the shares; no one wants Chartered to-day. The last news of Spanish goldfields is good, but the market in the shares is dull. The Nigerian group seems to have done its best, and they say that having unloaded all his Ropps Edmund Davis will take Hausa in hand. It is a good little show—hitherto in clean hands.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The great shops are putting out their reports one after the other—each one better than the last. Liberty and Co. have had a splendid year. The balance-sheet is as good as the management. I cannot give it higher praise. The preference shares are a first-class investment. John Wright and Eagle Range is another admirable business, and again 20 per cent. is paid. Powell Duffryn and North's Navigation—two good South Wales collieries—show admirable results, but I think the end of the coal boom is in sight. Marconis hang fire. They now say that some of the firms in the Stock Exchange have lent quite as much money as they like on the shares, and that they have sold, but not yet delivered, thus making a fictitious "bear" position. I cannot see how Marconis can be much more than 20s. to 30s. a share.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The following chronological list of the earliest notices of Shakespeare's plays and poems, together with some events in Bacon's life, are of interest in connection with this controversy. In the year 1585 Bacon wrote "The Greatest Birth of Time." In 1586 Shakespeare left Stratford for London. Bacon becomes a Bencher of Gray's Inn. Represents Taunton. In 1589 represents Liverpool. In 1592 Robert Greene in "A Groatsworth of Wit," alludes to Shakespeare as a rising dramatist "with his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide." This is a variation of a line in Richard, Duke of York, and in 3 "Henry VI." Talbot in Shakespeare's "Henry VI," part I. is mentioned by Thomas Nash in "Pierce Penniless." In 1593 Bacon wrote "A Conference of Pleasure," containing "The Praise of Fortitude," "The Praise of Love," "The Praise of Knowledge," "The Praise of the Queen." Represents Middlesex in Elizabeth's eighth Parliament. Richard Field, a fellow townsman of Shakespeare's, a London printer, passed through the press, "Venus and Adonis" and "Tarquin and Lucrece." The Stationers' Register records "Titus Andronicus"; also "The Contention" on which "King Henry VI," part II. is based. Bacon was accused of seeking popularity, and was for a time excluded the Court. He was harassed with debt, and at times so disheartened that he contemplated retirement from public life. In 1594 Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" was performed at Gray's Inn. Shakespeare acted before the Queen at Greenwich. Bacon wrote "The Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," became a candidate for the Attorney-Generalship. Coke secured the appointment. Essex endeavoured to procure for Bacon the Solicitorship, but failed. In 1595 the Stationers' Register records Richard Duke of York on which "Henry VI," part III. is based. In 1596 Bacon published "Maxims of the Law." The vacant office of Master of the Rolls he failed to obtain. The Stationers' Register records "Romeo and Juliet." In 1597 Bacon published his "Essays with the Colours of Good and Evil" and the "Meditationes Sacrae." His private fortunes were in a bad condition, no public office appa-

rently could be found for him. A scheme for retrieving his position by a marriage with the wealthy widow, Lady Hatton, failed. Shakespeare purchases New Place and other property at Stratford-on-Avon. "Richard II" and "Richard III" published in quarto. The Stationers' Register records "Henry IV" part I. In 1859 Bacon was arrested for debt while engaged in business of the Learned Counsel. "Love's Labour's Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "King John," by William Shakespeare, first mentioned by Francis Meres. "The Taming of the Shrew," "Timon of Athens," "Pericles," and "All's Well that Ends Well," although first printed in the 1623 Folio, belong to this early period. The Stationers' Register records "The Merchant of Venice." At this time there was an estrangement between Essex and Bacon. In 1599 on the imprisonment of Essex, the Queen was reported to be influenced by Bacon, and such indignation was raised against the latter that his friends feared his life would be in danger. "Troilus and Cressida," as Shakespeare's play is named in "Histriomastix." In 1600 The Stationers' Register records "Henry IV," Part II, "Henry V," "Much Ado About Nothing" and "As You Like It." In 1601 Bacon drew up a "Declaration of the Practices and Treasons Attempted and Committed by Robert, Earl of Essex." About this time "Julius Cæsar" was written. The Stationers' Register records "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "Twelfth Night" was acted at the Middle Temple Hall. The "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" were both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare and the drama. In 1599 Rowland White wrote to Sir Robert Sydney: "My Lord Southampton and Lord Rutland care not for the Court. . . . They pass away the time in London merely in going to plays every day." In 1603 the Earl of Southampton entertained Queen Anne with a performance of "Love's Labour's Lost," by Burbage and his company, to which Shakespeare belonged, at Southampton House.

Apart from the Essays above mentioned, Bacon's most important literary work, he never "put his ambition wholly upon his pen" until after 1603, when he improved his position under King James.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TOM JONES.

London, E.C.

#### To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In his last letter Sir E. Durning-Lawrence seems to imply that Pope's famous epithet of "meanest," applied to Bacon, really means "most self-sacrificing" "because he was willing to descend to the 'meanest' position for the good and profit of mankind"!

One would have thought that misinterpretation of the well-known lines was impossible, but apparently Sir E. Durning-Lawrence has accomplished the feat.

However, the justification of the epithet and of Macaulay's amplification is quite another matter, and I suppose that few people nowadays take Pope's epigram or Macaulay's rhetoric at their face value.

Still, Bacon cannot entirely be acquitted of meanness, especially in his treatment of his friend and benefactor Essex. Even so sympathetic a biographer as the late Dean Church, referring to the "Declaration of the Treason of the Earl of Essex," writes: "In cold blood he sat down to blacken Essex, using his intimate personal knowledge of the past to strengthen his statements against a friend who was in his grave and for whom none could answer but Bacon himself."

It is in this light, no doubt, that we must interpret the old wood-cut presented by Sir E. Durning-Lawrence on

p. 124 of "Bacon is Shakespeare." This represents a man sitting writing at a table and another man—surely not "very much overdressed," but only with a pretty taste in trunk hose—standing behind him and poking him in the back with the bowl of a large pipe of the "churchwarden" type. Sir E. Durning-Lawrence takes the figures for Shakespeare and Bacon, but the pallor of the countenance of the standing figure shows conclusively that it is the ghost of Essex administering the dig of retribution to Bacon as the latter is penning the words of "King Lear."—

"Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend."

Mr. Smedley now tells us that in "The Advancement of Learning" and the "Novum Organum" Bacon "definitely states that he is going to write works which he describes at length and which in every particular and detail (italics mine) correspond with these dramas (i.e., "Hamlet" and "King Lear"), and the others mentioned by your correspondent." This is an extraordinary statement, and I should like to see the exact references in both cases. Will Mr. Smedley kindly supply them, as I have hunted in vain myself through the "Novum Organum"? In any case there seems to be a mystery. The "Novum Organum" was only published in 1620, and yet Bacon, according to Mr. Smedley, says that he is at that date going to write works which correspond, etc. If so, these works cannot be the Plays, as the latter were written already.

Possibly Mr. Smedley is referring to a statement in an earlier letter of his—that the Plays were really the missing Fourth Part of the "Instauratio Magna."

As this fable seems to have attained considerable currency among Baconians, it may be as well to explode it once for all. One would have thought that the inherent absurdity of the idea was sufficient refutation in itself, but the credulity of Baconians seems inexhaustible.

I only propose to call one witness—Francis Bacon.

On p. 531 of Vol. vii. of the "Life and Letters" there is a letter, written in Latin by Bacon to Father Fulgentio, of Venice, and dated 1625 by Spedding. The letter gives Fulgentio an account of the writer's philosophical work, and a sketch of the six divisions of the Instauratio. Before describing these latter in detail, he says: "Optimum autem putavi ea omnia, in Latinam linguam traducta, in tomos dividere." "I have thought it best to divide them all into volumes, after they have been translated into Latin."

Mark the words "Ea omnia"—"All of them." There is no exception in favour of Part iv. So, then, according to Mr. Smedley, this Fourth Part of Bacon's life-work, the

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"Instauratio Magna," was designed by its author to consist of the Shakespeare Plays *translated into Latin*!!

Comment is superfluous. Let us hope that this particular bubble has been pricked for good and all, though I must admit that the idea of Sir Toby Belch and Fluellen disporting themselves in one of the learned languages is not without its attractions.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
HUMPHRY CLINKER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I should not have ventured to write to you again on this theme but for the fact that Mr. Smedley, in your issue of January 25, accuses me of gross inaccuracy, or worse. I must apologise for a belated reply, but, living as I do in India, I cannot help myself. I beg to call Mr. Smedley's attention to the following points:

(1) Mr. Smedley accuses me of starting with an inaccuracy. He says I have referred to chapter XIV of the "Advancement of Learning" when I meant chapter XIII. This is nonsense. I referred to chapter IV, Book II (see my original letter), and I still do.

(2) Bacon in his Chapter on Poetry, divides poetry into three classes: Epic, Dramatic, Allegorical. In the "*De Augmentis*" he adds that he excludes all odes, epigrams, elegies, and so forth. In a word, he ignores Lyric poetry. This proves, once and for all, that he did *not* write Shakespeare's sonnets, or the lovely lyrics of the dramas. "Bacon," said one of his contemporaries, "wrote philosophy like a Lord Chancellor." Had he lived in the nineteenth century he would have included in his category of poetry the works of Martin Tupper, and excluded those of Shelley!

(3) Mr. Smedley quotes some excellent but commonplace generalities on the drama from Bacon's works, but they *prove* nothing. Any critic might have written them. And they apply equally well to the plays of Bernard Shaw!

(4) Here is an *acknowledged* gem from Bacon's pen:  
There thou hast set that great Leviathan  
Which makes the sea to seethe like boiling pan.

No one in his senses could say that the author of Shakespeare's plays could pen such doggerel.

(5) Mr. Smedley says Bacon's and Shakespeare's views on love are identical. Hear the old cynic and contrast with Romeo's dying speech:—

"He was reputed one of the wise that made answer to the question, When should a man marry? *A young man not yet, an elder man not at all.*" (Of marriage.)

"You may observe, that amongst all the great and worthy persons whereof memory remaineth, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love, which shows that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion." (Of Love.)

(6) If Shakespeare was a "drunken, illiterate clown," why did Ben Jonson worship him "on this side idolatry"? How did he get into the Mermaid Club coterie? How did Fuller, before 1662 and within people's memories, dare to record the story of eye-witnesses, of the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben?

(7) Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's book, "Bacon is Shakespeare," is full of the grossest errors. He translates "*Quarta tabula*" as "A square table!" (p. 110.) He speaks of "*Iambic Hexameters*" (p. 97) and so forth. The book is the work of a writer who can't even use his facts, and is utterly uneducated.

(8) The whole question is one for the trained expert. It is just as impertinent for an amateur to express any opinion on the subject, as it would be for me to express an opinion on ship-building or higher mathematics. I

challenged Mr. Smedley to produce a single Baconian with a degree or diploma signifying that he has studied English literature at any recognised University under any well-known professor.—I am, etc.,

H. G. RAWLINSION,  
The Deccan College, Professor of English.  
Poona, Feb. 10, 1913.

[Correspondents will oblige by keeping their letters as short as possible.—Ed.]

## PHENOMENAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The other week I noticed that a correspondent in these columns adversely criticised the use of the word "sensed" as a verb, by Mr. Haldane Macfall. In an editorial note you concurred in this criticism.

Now, this week, in "The Temple of Mammon" article, your contributor uses that hybrid word "phenomenal." Admitting that, in a commercial article, this word might be excused, the same excuse cannot apply to the literary portions of THE ACADEMY where I have noticed its use several times recently. This surely, on the ground of purity of the English language, can no better be defended than can "sensed." "Phenomenal" is neither good English nor sound Greek.

The use of the word, I take it, has sprung entirely from ignorance. Scientists and philosophers use the word "phenomenon" and its derivatives extensively—but always correctly. As, to the lay mind, most of the things of science (its discoveries and such like) appear something wonderful, something very extraordinary, I imagine ignorant people began to call out of the way occurrences or appearances "phenomenal." Whilst admitting that all languages have been enriched by strange words coming into popular use, I contend that in this case no educated person ought to admit its use into his vocabulary.

"Phenomenon" (etc.) has its own very proper and convenient use; and the using of such a vile, stupid, and utterly unnecessary word as "phenomenal" can only lead to confusion.

I am, of course, open to correction, and shall be glad to hear of any support which can be brought forward for its continued use.—Yours faithfully, C. R. MORTON.

Cadeby, Lincs.

## MR. HILL-WOOD'S CONSTITUENCY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A Radical contemporary has made a great mistake in stating that Mr. S. Hill-Wood "has represented the High Peak Division of Derbyshire for nineteen years," for it was only at the last General Election (December, 1910) that Mr. Hill-Wood first entered Parliament for this constituency, after defeating the previous Liberal Member, Mr. Oswald Partington, by a majority of 184.—Yours very obediently, ALGERNON ASHTON.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### FICTION.

- For the Love of Gyp.* By Adrian Darter (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)  
*Minna.* By Karl Gjellerup. Translated from the Danish by C. L. Neilsen. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)  
*A Masquerade and a Monastery.* By Anne Weaver. (John Long. 6s.)  
*Bay-Tree Country: A Story of Mashonaland.* By Arthur S. Cripps. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s. net.)

- Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B.* By F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane. 6s.)
- A Love Story.* By Arthur Applin. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
- Abbot's Moat.* By Florence Warden. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
- The Great Lord Masareene.* By L. T. Meade. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)
- The Weaker Vessel.* By E. F. Benson. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
- Jewels in Brass.* By Yittie Horlick. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- The Contrast and Other Stories.* By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)
- His Dear Desire.* By Margaret Watson. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- Studies in Love and in Terror.* By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- Mrs. Pratt of Paradise Farm.* By Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Aborigines of South America.* By the late Colonel George Earl Church. Edited by Clements R. Markham, K.C.B. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe.* By Captain B. Granville Baker. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)
- Clara Schumann: An Artist's Life based on Material found in Diaries and Letters.* By Berthold Litzmann. Translated and Abridged from the Fourth Edition by Grace E. Hadow. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 24s. net.)
- A Hospital in the Making: A History of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic.* (Albany Memorial), 1859-1901. By B. Burford Rawlings. Illustrated. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 5s. net.)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Lighter than Air.* By Harry Maitland. Illustrated by Herbert Allen. (Wm. Dawson and Sons. 1s.)
- A Turkish Woman's European Impressions.* By Zeyneb Hanoum. Edited with an Introduction by Grace Ellison. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 6s. net.)
- Captain Scott's Message to England.* (St. Catherine's Press. 1s. net.)
- Three Years in the Libyan Desert: Travels, Discoveries, and Excavations of the Menas Expedition.* By J. C. Ewald Falls. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)
- Le Mouvement Littéraire Belge d'Expression Française depuis 1880.* By Albert Heumann. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3fr. 50c.)
- A Sympathetic Boyhood: The Public Schools and Social Questions.* By Alex. Devine. (P. S. King and Son. 2d.)

#### VERSE.

- Songs of Three Counties, and Other Poems.* By Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Josephine V. Rowe. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Sháhnáma of Firdausi. Vol. VI.* Done into English By Arthur George Warner, M.A. and Edmond Warner, B.A. (Kegan Paul and Co. 10s. 6d.)
- The Gallant Way.* By Frank Taylor. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Calypso, and Other Poems.* By John Bernard O'Hara. (Melville and Mullen, Melbourne.)

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- Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain.* Compiled by E. A. Helps. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of Alban.* By Emilia Stuart Lorimer. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Raised Rood, and Other Poems.* By M. Bartleet. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

#### PERIODICALS.

*Windsor Magazine; Cornhill Magazine; Malthusian; Everybody's Story Magazine; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own Paper; Cambridge University Reporter; Fortnightly Review; Nineteenth Century and After; British Review; La Société Nouvelle; Bookseller; Publishers' Circular.*

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